

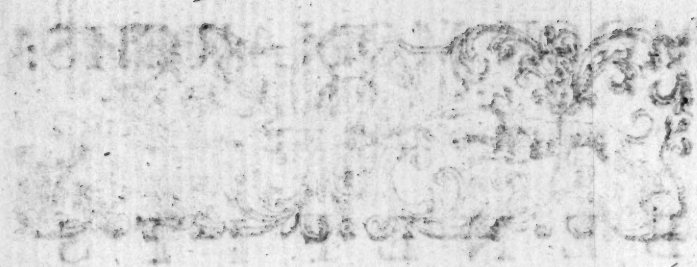
THE
MOCK MONARCHS:
OR, THE
BENEFITS
OF
HIGH BLOOD.

VOL. I.



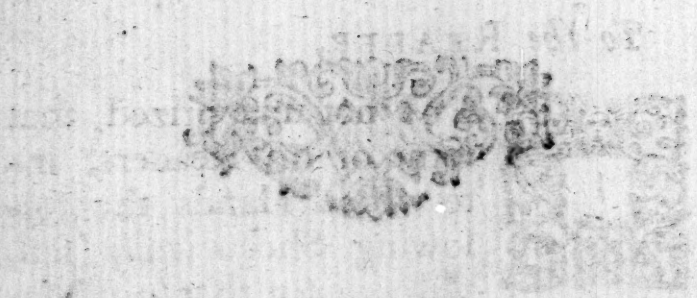
LONDON:

Printed for STANLEY CROWDER, and HENRY
WOODGATE, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pater-*
noster Row.



HIGH THEOD.

R. E. A. C. E.



Printed for the
Museum
by the
Museum
of
Natural
History
in
London





THE P R E F A C E.

To the READER,



AM not unapprized, that some of my Readers, into whose Hands the following Sheets may fall, will cry out that my Monarchs have strained the Point too far, and even beyond the Limits of a stretched Probability; as being nei-

ther mad enough to have prosecuted several of the succeeding Scenes in Reality; or if mad, too far gone to have proceeded so methodically as they will appear to have done in others: But a slight Share of Reflection upon Mankind, will exhibit to us many, who, though not yet generally enrolled on that List, have, and daily do proceed upon as romantic Principles.

What can be more familiar in the Course of Things, than for him who has fixed his Desires upon a fine Woman, to give her the very same Way of thinking that he could wish she had; and then, to form his Process for obtaining her, meerly from the Conclusions of his own deluded Fancy, without once bringing to Account the numberless Means of Disappointment, and the infinite Probabilities against him, or even the least Measures for obviating those Oppositions.

He

P R E F A C E.

v

He whose Aim tends to Preference, having elected his Patron, looks upon his Post as a Thing in Hand, from the Scheme he has chalked out for obtaining it by. He weighs neither the Patron's Inclination, or Interest for procuring it, or his own Capacity for the Duty it requires; but having Occasion for the Thing itself, pushes hard at the End only, as ever uppermost in all his Cogitations.

What numberless Projects which have seen the Light, had been stifled in the Womb of Obscurity, could the Projector but have applied to cool Reasoning and Consideration, the only Keys for passing the Wards of Difficulty.

These would have marshalled into Rank and File, not only the Discommodities, and opposing Rubs on the one Part; but the Advantages, and ready Road to Fruition on the other; and as well by the Addition of Encouragement to these, as by Subtrac-

tion from the Force of them, have rendered the Process delectable, and the End certain; whereas, without them, every Event is, at best, but precarious.

Our Monarchs therefore, so far agreeing with the rest of their Fellow-Creatures, not only in the first Propagation, but Progress of their Schemes, may stand forth as a PHAROS for other their Co-travellers to steer by; that from a just Comparison of Projects, these may voluntarily decline the Shelves those foundered on; lest themselves should be compelled to submit also to the Laugh of the more intelligent World around them.

THE



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

Chap. I.



THE Benefits of good Blood. All Animals known by it. Assay for fixing its Standard. Blood influences the Intellects. Mr. Bruce, his Pedigree. His Misconduct. Description of his Family. Alexander's Properties. Page 1
Chap. II. Sawney's Person. Extensive Trade. Marriage. Oeconomy. Strong Propensity for recovering his Rights. Account

viii C O N T E N T S.

- count of David, his Prime Minister.
Death of his Wife. Conditions of a second Marriage.* Page 11
- Chap. III. *Sawney's second Marriage. Its Effects. Sawney's Revival of his Claims. Projects the Recovery of Scotland and Wales. Makes a League with David.* 22
- Chap. IV. *Arguments about the Treaty, and Plan of Operation. Finish it. Set out on their Enterprize. Lodge in a Wood. Dialogue there. David believes Sawney dead. Sad Accident. Loses Sawney. David's Dream.* 33
- Chap. V. *David finds his Master. His Reflections. Lose their Horses. Go in Quest of them. Sawney saved from Drowning by a Farmer. Knights him. Hears of his Horses.* 45
- Chap. VI. *Sawney's Sufferings in Pursuit of his Cattle. Secures them in a Farm-Yard. His Compliments to Mira. Leaves the Farmer's. Loses his Coat. Proceeds to join David.* 56
- Chap. VII. *Difficulties in his Journey. Finds David greatly distressed. Account of his Misfortune. Application to his Wounds. Some Considerations on their Landlady.* 66
- Chap.

C O N T E N T S. ix

- Chap. VIII.** *Account of their Company at Supper. Their Reception. Sawney's Speech to David. Discovers himself to the Company. Advises with my Lord. The Company's Reflection on them.* Page 77
- Chap. IX.** *Sawney bespeaks a Set of Robes for David. Is advised to them himself. David in the Drawer's Cloaths. In the Master of G—s's. Sawney gains the Robes. My Lord leaves them.* 88
- Chap. X.** *Sawney and David leave the Inn. Discourse by the Way. David tells his Dream. Sawney interprets it. Cause of Dreams. Arrive at Auckland. Town in an Uproar at Sight of them. Sawney's Speech on the Occasion.* 100
- Chap. XI.** *Sawney's Reflections. Prepare for an Engagement. David's Mare flies, and Sawney after her. Narrow Escape. Miss their Way. Arrive at Apperly. Sent to the House of Correction.* 112
- Chap. XII.** *Sawney is brought before the Sessions. Known. Sent Home. Deceive their Keepers. Fly. Exchange Cloaths with a Finker and Trull. Quarrel between Harry and Moll.* 122
- Chap. XIII.** *Perplexed at the Loss of their Cloaths. Discourse with their Landlady. Dress in the Finker's and Trull's*

x C O N T E N T S.

- Trull's Cloaths. Great Misfortunes to David. Manner of fitting David to his Horse. Sawney in great Fear for David.* P. 133
- Chap. XIV. *David discovers his Uneasiness. Argument against Love in Princes. David loves Hannah. She takes him to be light-headed. Apothecary sent for. Family in Confusion. Prescriptions for David.* 145
- Chap. XV. *David averse from his Physic. Compel him. Tie him down. Blister his Head. His Discourse with Mr. Anodine.* 161
- Chap. XVI. *Hannah left with David. He makes Love. Her Replies. Dialogue between Sawney and Mother Clutcher. Dress up David.* 174
- Chap. XVII. *Sawney engages Men. Sets out for Scotland. David loses his Mare. Gain Parsons Habits. Taken up for Robbers. Acquitted. Adventures at a Nobleman's.* 187
- Chap. XVIII. *David's Reception in the Parlour. My Lord raises Men. Exchange their Habits. Nasty Accident of David's. Reflections. They march. Troops mutiny. Sawney overthrown, and his Horse killed.* 199
- Chap. XIX. *Sawney tries to mount the Ass. David in perilous Case. Both ride*

CONTENTS. xi

- ride to Hadon. Reflections on their Adventures. Agree to return Home. Page 213*
- Chap. XX.** *Debates on their Proceedings. Return Homewards. Attack'd by Robbers. Sawney wounded. Arrive at Dame Clutcher's. Lose Hannah. Breach between the Lovers. Made up again. 225*
- Chap. XXI.** *Sawney's Dream. Hannah to go Home with them. Debate about riding the As. Composed by David. Arrive at Sawney's. Death of his Wife. Servants envy David. 239*
- Chap. XXII.** *Sawney settle his Affairs. Gives Hannah his Wife's Cloaths. Method of dressing herself. Servants envy Hannah. David marries her. Visit Dame Clutcher. 265*
- Chap. XXIII.** *Hannah bears a Son. Impatient for their Principality. Sawney's old Schemes recur. Lets Robert into them. Robert projects a Commission of Lunacy. David discovers it. Turn the Tables upon Robert. 265*

CONTENTS

this to Haddon. Reflections on their Ab-
 sentees. Agree to return Home. Page 213
 Chap. XX. Debates on their Proceedings.
 Return Home. Attack by Rob-
 ert. Sawney wounded. Advice to
 Dame Clutcher. Page Haddon. Buried
 before the altar. Made up again. 225
 Chap. XXI. Sawney's Dream. Haddon
 to go home with them. Haddon's
 return to the. Carried by David.
 Haddon at Sawney's. Death of the W.
 Sawney and David.
 Chap. XXII. Sawney tells his story.
 Given Haddon his Wife's Clutch. Method
 of making paper. Sawney and Han-
 nah. David married for. With Dame
 Clutcher.
 Chap. XXIII. Haddon bears a Son.
 Impatient for their Principality. Saw-
 ney's old Scheme return. Lays Robert
 into them. Robert projects a Commis-
 sion of Inquiry. David's distress. H.
 Turn the People upon Robert. 265



THE MOCK MONARCHS.

CHAP. I.

The Benefits of good Blood. All Animals known by it. Assay for fixing its Standard. Blood influences the Intellects. Mr. Bruce, his Pedigree. His Misconduct. Description of his Family. Alexander's Properties.



AMONGST the whole Collection of constituent Parts, united in the Composition of the human Frame, there is no one more extravagantly estimated than the Blood; for that in the vulgar Acceptation of Things, it denominates the Man.

If once we can but trace back this, through its several Meanders, to some generous Fountain, though at ever so remote a Distance, thence alone, we begin our Computation.

The Impurity of the intermediate Channels from that Spring to our own Reservoir, causes no Lett to our Account; for that in the long Run to himself, each Man allows for its thorough Purgation, from all heterogeneous Particles, and concludes upon his own, retaining its original Purity.

No sooner behold we an excellent Horse, either for the Manage, Chase, or Draught, than he is noted for an Horse of Blood. A Dog the same; for whatever Sport he excels in; and this, not from Custom, Use, or Exercise, which might have habituated either to their several Qualifications and Endowments; but from their very Infancy (as I may call it) their several Properties are most distinguishable. Hence, the emphatick Characterism of the Blood in the human Species; a Creature as differing from the common Race of Mankind, as the true-bred Pointer from the Herd of Mongrels.

Would

Would you know the Man? Trace his Blood; where that hath excelled, receive him; where that hath been defective, cast him aside.

It hath been an old Saying, that *Rome* was not built in a Day: As much as to say, that every Art, every Science must have a Beginning, and a Progress, before it can arrive at a Perfection. Thus, in Astronomy, we had the Hammer perpetually going for Ages past, till the finishing Stroke was put to the Work, by the extensive Genius of a *Newton*.

The Blood, though essentially known, as also its Pipes and Conduits; yet, till an *Hervey* demonstrated it, who could maintain its Circulation? Nor doubt I, but the springing Generation will have pryed so into its further occult Qualities, as from a just Separation of its constituent Parts, to be enabled to denounce what Degree of Purity each Individual in the Kingdom contains in his Veins, from the Prince to the Pearmonger.

It is from Researches of a similar Kind, and under a peculiar Method, which, if my Leisure holds, I may possibly find Time to sketch out for working Brains to practice upon, that I have little Doubt,

but it may in due Time be ascertained, how near to, or how remote, each Individual in the Kingdom is, from a genuine Standard BLOOD.

In Order to this, and that Posterity may not be deceived in a Matter of such Importance, as hath heretofore mostly been the Case : Let the Artist fix upon a true Standard BLOOD, let him emit *quantum sufficit* for the Experiment : Let him note my Process, and let all future Trials be from thence regulated. Let each Family of BLOOD transmit this to its Descendants, by which Means, in Process of Time, by a due Comparison each of his own with this, we shall be able, with Justice, and true Judgment, to deduce ourselves from proper Ancestors ; which I fear hath been hitherto too much neglected, through Partiality to some external Circumstances, and not adhering only to the true Merit of the BLOOD ; for every BLOOD, the less Allay it contains from the genuine Stem we would trace it from, will then, in strict Speaking, contain the Properties of that Ancestor, in the most natural Sense, and may claim the nearest Alliance to him, however collaterally branched out into the most distant Degree of Relationship.

I thought

I thought fit to premise this as a Fact, though not as yet absolutely reduced to Demonstration; not doubting but upon the Proof it will answer; for as whatever is bred in the Bone will never wholly out of the Flesh; so whatever resides in the Blood, will not fail of its due Influence on the Intellects.

Within few Miles of *Richmond*, in the North-Riding of *Yorkshire*, lived *Robert Bruce*, of *North British* Extraction originally, who intermarrying with an *English* Widow of about two hundred Pounds a Year, settled as above, upon the Estate she brought him, whereon stood a venerable old Family Seat.

Mr. Bruce, in *Scotland*, had been well educated for a younger Brother; nor was he so heavy in his Mien or Manners, as many of his Countrymen are; but, added to a fair Complexion, and tall Stature, the Excellency of a most polite Behaviour, entitled him to the Regard of all Beholders.

The chief Foible attendant upon *Mr. Bruce*, and what frequently would lessen him in the Eyes of others was, an inherent Esteem for himself, as a Descendant of a Namesake of his, thentofore King

of *Scotland*; and this was so annexed to his Constitution, that it never failed to display itself, whenever the Topic of Ancestry was started in Conversation: Nor had this been so remarkable as to have culpably distinguished him, but from a certain Superiority of Air which he would put on, at recounting the intermediate Links of that Chain, which joined him to the Blood-Royal; when he would even foam in his Condemnation of Fortune, which had behaved with so light a Regard to him.

He had Roll upon Roll of his Pedigree, with the numberless Intermarriages of both the male and female Branches of his Family, into the very best Houses in all *Scotland*; and, in short, could by no Means be persuaded, that any of the *English* Gentry, or Nobility, were of Blood to compare with him.

He would quote you some authentick History for most Things that he vouched, and where that proved defective, ancient Tradition, and Manuscripts, which he held equally sacred with the very Scriptures themselves; and though too urgent a Zeal for such Proceedings frequently subjected him to the Ridicule of wiser Heads; yet he

he looked as contemptuously on their Meanness, as they, for the Hearts of them, could, on his Pride; which still confined him to the old Track.

Mr. *Bruce* had three Sons by his Lady, and one Daughter; but the Merit of his Blood, would not permit either of his younger Branches to engage in any Scene of Life, beneath the Dignity of his Family; so that with the Education of Gentlemen, at his Death, (for his Lady died some Years before him) the Younger were all left wholly destitute of every Means of Subsistence; for Mr. *Bruce* himself, having for the Honour of his Family, far outlived his Income, and the whole Estate being settled upon the eldest Son of the Marriage; the two younger, and the Daughter, were left by him most helpless, and abandoned Creatures.

Miss, was soon compelled to take Refuge in a Service, and Master *Edward*, the second Son, having quickly experimented, that how noble soever his Blood might be, it would not flow long without a Recruit, took on in a marching Regiment, as a Foot-Soldier; whilst Master *Alexander*, the youngest Son, was by Contribution of

some of his Mother's Relations, placed out Apprentice to a Shoe-maker in those Parts.

However the Doctrine of BLOOD, which Mr. *Bruce* had slipped no Opportunity of infusing into his Posterity, might excite Valour in the Soldier, and create an Emulation in his Breast to notable Atchievements, worthy the Rank he then bore in Life, I shall not take upon me now to determine; but certain it is, from what Motive soever it arose, that he exhibited such Irradiations of sheer Courage and Intrepidity, during the first two Years of his Service, that he was advanced to a Serjeant, and in double the Time to an Ensign: Nor stopped he there; but distinguishing himself in every Enterprize, as superior still, both in Capacity and Conduct, to the Post assigned him, he was, by successive Removes, exalted to the Rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel, in which Post he made his Exit, soon after the Death of his elder Brother; and now had our young Shoemaker stepped into the Estate, had not his elder Brother's prior Extravagancies, sent it packing into another Family.

I cannot say, but that like Principles infused, had wrought like Effects upon
Mr.

Mr. *Alexander*, who had been the most retentive of his Father's Doctrine of any of his Children; for he ever bore in Mind the Family History, remarking where they had erred in their Conduct; where, had they but done this, and had they not done that, what great Men, not only they, but himself might have been.

He would often reflect what a Stain it would be to his Memory, and what a personal Disgrace it even then was to him, (who from the proper Course of Things, ought rather to have been dispensing his Orders to others, in one of the most exalted Stations of his own Kingdom) to sit stitching Shoes for a mean Subsistence, in a foreign Land; and would grow so melancholy on such Occasions, that not unfrequently, whilst he should have been piercing his Soles for his Master, his Head would be turned to little less than the Conquest of new Sovereignities, and drawing Remonstrances, declaratory of his elder Brother's Right to the *Scotish* Diadem; from whence he would proceed to the Posts most justly tenable by himself in the Government; would fix upon his Title; marry his imaginary Bride, and settle the *Economy* of his Family upon the fu-

ture Footing he had chalked out for its Establishment.

No sooner had this Succession of Thought taken its Run through his aspiring Fancy, than having strayed to the Length of his String, and soothed his Reflections with the Hopes of better Days ; he would revert to the meer Cobler again, and sit close to his Bench for some Time ; whilst all being calm within, he would sing to his Stitches, and quickening his Awl by the Melody of his Pipe, judge himself within a Bristle's Length of an happy Man.



C H A P. II.

SAWNEY's Person. Extensive Trade. Marriage. Oeconomy. Strong Propensity for recovering his Rights. Account of David, his prime Minister. Death of his Wife. Conditions of a second Marriage.

MR. *Alexander*, as indeed most of his Ancestors were, was a Man of an exceeding good Presence, and from the Force of his juvenile Education, much more conversible than that Race of Mortals he was united to generally are; inso-much, that most of the neighbouring Gentry, chose rather to give their Orders to him, than to his Master.

This introducing *Sawney* (for so every one now called him) into Abundance of good Families, where the first Dialogue usually passing in the Kitchen with the Servants, before Admission could be had to the Heads of the House; no small Notice had been taken of him by the Maidens of the Families, wherever his Master wrought to, as one of the best bred young Men in the Parish; nor was it long, after he had survived his Servitude, before he
had

had imbibed the soft Passion of Love, for a Virgin of noble Ancestry, but reduced to the Acceptance of a Chambermaid's Commission, in the Retinue of a Widow Lady of good Fortune.

This Match promising Success, as the Girl was worth little less than fourscore Pounds; *Sawney*, to gratify her, who chose not to join in Wedlock with a meer Journeyman, looked out sharp for a new Dwelling; and deserting his Master, resolved to shew away for himself.

Business now rolling in upon *Sawney*, the Politeness of his Behaviour, and the superior Stile of that Dialect wherewith he accosted his Customers, had so recommended him from one Family to another, that in less than six Months, one would have imagined his Master had, for valuable Consideration, transferred his whole Trade to him; he having by this Time collected most of the Names of his Master's Customers into his Books, and left the old Man little more than the Shadow of a *quondam* Shoemaker.

Mrs. *Clara O Neal* (for by that Name had the Maiden been distinguished, till *Sawney* had honoured her with the Title of his Bride) was by Descent, from a Family

mily of that Name in *Ireland*; or valued she herself at a much inferior Rate, by Reason of her Procedure from so worthy a Stem, most of whom she could trace back for many Generations; than *Sawney* did, for his Ability to deduce himself from the Loins of *Robert*, the Founder of his House.

Save the one Foible of Pedigree, which they were severally so addicted to, and the ill-judged Esteem they held each other in upon that Account, there were scarce two pruder Persons united in Matrimony, in the several Districts around them, than *Sawney* and *Clara*; but the Value they placed upon themselves, rendered the Demeanor of their Domestics but irksome to them; for as no crowned Heads could express more constant Politeness for each other than they did, so the least Tendency to the contrary from any of their Inferiors in the House, failed not of a peculiar Chastisement, if not of a total Rejection from it.

As *Sawney* had ever the best of Prices for his Work, so he scrupled not of allowing the best of Pay to his Journey-men, according to the Niceness of their several Fingers, and the Justness of their
Per-

Performances; or failed he of applying most honourable, and distinguishing Appellatives to them; such of them, I mean, as were any Ways peculiarly remarkable in their Operations.

He had an odd-turned Kind of Fellow, an exceeding neat Workman, who had followed him from his late Master's as a Foreman; to whom he gave the Title of his premier Minister, with a Salary accordingly. A good smart young Fellow at Accompts, to whom he had committed the Keeping of his Books, and the Collection of his Cash, was his Treasurer; and his Clicker, from whom the others received their Orders, was his Chancellor: He had also his Clerk of the Pells, and several subordinate Officers of inferior Rank and Title.

The Justice of his Dealing, and the Exactness of his Word, with the real Goodness of the Commodity he dealt in, had in a short Time gained him such a Reputation, that his Trade was not only extended into remote Parishes, but even through the neighbouring Counties; till he had raised no despicable Fortune by his Labours, and was become the Father of two Sons, *Robert*, and *Alexander*.

Sawney

Sawney, was one of the most regular Men alive in his Family; never frequented the Publick Houses, those Haunts, which the bright Artist usually wastes so much Time in, as to reduce him for ever under the Hatches; then *Clara* being an excellent Œconomist, and Steward of his Household, in the Midst of Plenty, preserving a necessary Frugality, by that Means, they laid up every Year considerably.

Notwithstanding the Multiplicity of his Business, and the great Number of Hands *Sawney* employed under him, we must not presume that he neglected the main View of living; for every of his Prospects proceeding from an Emulation of his grand Ancestors, he failed not to keep alive in his Breast those glowing Embers, which, when Time and Opportunity should offer, might warm him with a Zeal, for recovering his Right to the Patrimony of his Predecessors, by a frequent Repetition of their noble Deeds, and Feats of Arms.

This Exercise would he usually occupy himself in of a Winter's Evening, when his Hands could not work without Fires; for he would then fix himself amongst them, and by the Train of his History,
engage

engage their Ears, for Hours past the Time of their customary Labour; his Sons, *Robert* and *Alexander*, from the earliest Discoveries they made of Knowledge, being always of the Party.

No sooner had *Sawney* finished his Tale, with some Remarks upon the Caprice of Fortune, which had at present placed him in so indignant a Station, and issued some ejaculatory Hopes for better Days; than *Clara*, like an Eccho to her Husband's Pipe, would warble a Discant upon her own Relatives; more frequently stiling them by their Title of Honour, the *Tir Owens*, than by their proper Name of the *O Neals*, for the Benefit of annexing the Earldom to them.

Robert and *Alexander*, as they grew up, were as well able, from the Infusion of their Parents, to recount most of the Occurrences which had befallen the Stock they sprang from, as these themselves were; and even amongst the Children of any Families of Fashion in the Neighbourhood, with whom chiefly they held Correspondence, would they propagate the Atchievements of their Predecessors, till they were beheld by their Play-fellows, as Persons of no mean Original.

We must not omit, before we proceed further, to give our Readers the Character of *David ap Roderick*, and lastly, *ap Llewellyne* heretofore Prince of *Wales*, then Prime Minister to *Sawney*. *David* was a Man of a plodding Genius, had read very much, and was most remarkably acute at his Profession. He was a Man but of few Words, or scarce ever returned he more than the bare Affirmative, or Negative, to whatever was demanded of him; nor delivered he his Orders more copiously, than in the most concise Manner, to be significant.

David would work indefatigably; but his Notes at that Exercise, scarce ever arose above an Hum, which generally concluded, by Way of Symphony, with Sobs and Sighing.

David, from an almost total Neglect of his outward Man, which was but very diminutive, had turned most of his Enjoyments inwards, which had supplied his Fancy and Intellects, by Turns, with either such melancholic Depressions, or extatic Elevations, as the Husk being no Ways concerned in, it had tasted but lightly of his Regard; for his Sandy Beard had not for many Years been close shaved,

shaved, his frizzled Locks combed, or the Sweat of his Labours discharged from his furrowed Brows; and yet, with all these seeming Disadvantages, there issued from the whole Man the Rays of an antique, venerable, and ingenuous Countenance, superior to most of his Profession; nor though he constantly behaved to *Sawney* with all that bodily Reverence so justly due to the Monarch of the Shop, could he, upon serious Recollection, esteem himself less a Sovereign than his Master; but Time having not as yet perfected his Projects, he submitted, like a great and generous Soul, to the Changes and Turns of Fate.

Sawney had traded so successfully, and his Finances had been so carefully managed, (for unless this proves the Case, great Gains are but of little Significancy to a Family) that at the End of eight Years, he was enabled to make a Purchase of fourscore Pounds a Year, and in six Years more, of seventy.

His Sons had been educated at a Free Grammar-School, where they were both grown-reasonable Proficients in the Classics, and having some Right to an Exhibition at *Glasgow*, the Younger was sent thither, to per-

perfect his Studies in an academick Way; but Mr. *Robert* inclining more to Home, and Reading, was restrained from Business, in Expectation of the paternal Estate, which was then daily encreasing.

In the sixteenth Year of *Sawney's* Marriage, *Clara* died, to the inexpressible Grief of the whole Family, and of all her Acquaintance; for though a Lady of no mean Rank by her Blood; yet, it distinguishing itself in nothing more through her whole Deportment, than in a placid Condescension, both to her Equals, and Inferiors; she maintained a valuable Reputation, with all Degrees of her Co-temporaries.

Sawney had now accumulated a landed Estate of two hundred Pounds a Year and upwards, and having mourned the usual Time for his departed Spouse, he began to turn his Thoughts towards a second Match.

There was a Widow of about two Hundred a Year, Jointure Estate, and almost as much of her own, for whom *Sawney* wrought, and who had long been familiar with his former Wife *Clara*. She was a sprightly Dame, and since *Clara's* Death, had cast an Eye upon *Sawney*, as the only Man, who, in her Opinion, could compensate

penfate for the Lofs of her former Husband; nor was *Sawney* in the leaft backward in his Expreffions of a due Regard for her, upon every laudable Occafion; till conceiving he had received fufficient Testimonies of her Good-will to him, he refolved to attack her as a Lover.

The Proposition was as readily embraced on her Part, as fubmiffively propofed on *Sawney's*; but as Widows have generally more in their Heads than meer Flames and Darts, fo the Terms of their Union muft be clogged with fome Concefions, on his Part to be performed.

Imprimis, She infifted, that as her Anceftors, had through many Descents fupported the Degree of Gentry, and as her late Husband had done the fame, *Sawney* muft instantly forfake his Calling, take an handsome Houfe, and fettle himfelf therein as a Man of Fortune, before he brought her Home to him. That he fhould keep her a Man and a Maid Servant, which ſhe might properly call her own; and alfo a genteel Pad and Furniture, for her ſole Riding. That both his Sons ſhould be fo difpofed of, as never more to appear in the Family, ſave on a Viſit, or ſo; and laſtly, that his own, and her Eſtate, ſhould be

be settled in Jointure upon her, with Remainder to their Issue, and the Fee to the longer Liver, with certain Limitations.

Sawney made little Scruple of any other Article than that which affected his Sons; but doubted not, that when they should be married, even herself, for both their Sakes, would consent to ease him of that Difficulty, upon their gentle Behaviour to her, which he purposed strictly to enjoin them.



C H A P III.

*SAWNEY'S Second Marriage. Its Effects.
Sawney's Revival of his Claims. Pro-
jects the Recovery of Scotland and Wales.
Makes a League with David.*

PReliminaries adjusted, Sawney soon knocked off his Business, furnished a new taken House, and settled himself in a genteel Way, not far from where he had before dwelt: But in parting with his Domesticks, and breaking up his Family, David, his Chief Minister, who had now lived many Years under him, was so dejected at the Thoughts of quitting so agreeable a Service, that rather than submit to a Separation from his Master, he humbly besought his Patron for a Removal with him, though in ever so indignant a Station.

Sawney, no Ways capable of withstanding the Request of his old Servitor, soon covenanted with him for a Post, the most suitable to his Inclination; for as Madam had made it a Point indisputable, that she should have a Maiden solely appropriated

to her Pleasure, under the Denomination of her Gentlewoman; so *Sawney*, by Way of Counterballance, invested *David* with the Dignity of his Gentleman; than which, no Style of Office could have done him more eminent Honour.

No sooner had *Sawney* fitted up his new Habitation, and put his Household upon a proper Establishment, than the smothered Embers of Love, already glowing between them, broke out into a publick Flame; which Rumour soon fanning about the Neighbourhood, every Tongue sounded the approaching Nuptials of *Sawney*, with Madam *Flutterville*; that being the Widow's Name.

The Knot was tied, and the Lady conducted to her new Quarters, with all becoming Ceremony; nor ever was there, to all Appearance, a more fond and loving Couple, than *Sawney* and his new Bride; till the Lady, from one Step to another, having compleated her Conquest for the upper Hand; or, what we *Englishmen* call wearing the Breeches, insisted upon a Chariot, as other Ladies of her Rank had. This, for the Peace of his Family, was soon given up to her; but what one Concession can be made to
an

an overbearing Woman, that draws not a Succession of Importunities after it? For now, nothing would satisfy her but an Encrease of Servants, and several Tours she must then make in this new Vehicle, to a Number of Relations of her own, and her late Husband's, dispersed through every County for many Miles round her, in Order to shew the Machine; for what avails a Lady's Equipage that is never seen?

These Visits, necessarily drew on Invitations to the Parties at whose Houses she had been, each of them to spend some Time with her, in Return for their Civilities; till *Sawney's* House became crowded like an Inn at a Fair; but still, he survived upon the Hopes, that the Run of Compliments being once over, all would have subsided to its natural Course again, and that in Time, he should have regained the Regard of his Domestics, as yet, too far occupied in the Hurry of their Lady's Commands, to admit of Obedience to his Orders.

With these Thoughts *Sawney* comforted himself, for the several Months that he had passed as a Stranger in his own Territories; but his Affairs were far from taking

ing so desirable a Turn as that; for his Lady continued still no less fond of strange Faces (as they all were to him) than before; insomuch, that she was under the extremest Distress, at the Thought of parting with the present, before the Arrival of fresh Company; nay, she omitted no Entreaties for their Stay, even to Compulsion itself, that she might not become so wretched as to be left alone.

Well! The Hurry of her Visitants was scarce over, or had *Sawney* more than formed a Surmise that he should be retired for the Autumn Season, before his Lady informed him of an Engagement she was under, for meeting several Families at *Scarborough*.

Sawney would have dissuaded her from the Journey, had it been possible, by laying before her the Expences of a few of the preceding Months, even exceeding two whole Years Revenue, and the ill Consequence of lavishing away so much in one Year, as would maintain them for five; adding, that if she must needs take the Journey, he would advise her to defer it till another Season, when it might be more convenient to him; but *Sawney* soon collected, that his Lady was past being

affected by his Precepts; for she replied, that he must never expect to curb the Flights of a Lady of her Figure in Life, by his narrow-soul'd Documents, which might, indeed, have been properly enough adapted to the Wife of a Shoemaker, as his late *Clara* was; but she expected to find in him a Gentleman of another Cast now, or at least, he should see, that in her he had to do with a Gentlewoman. She had passed her Word, she said, for the Rendezvous, and scorned to be frustrated of her Purpose.

To *Scarborough* she went; or left she any Company behind her at her Return, or was she scarce well warm at Home, before *Sawney* was apprized of an Expedition to *Bath*, for the former Season; and from thence she set forwards to visiting again, having engaged herself in such a Circle of Diversions, that after the first three Months of their Cohabitation together, the ensuing three Years afforded him not an equal Share of her Conversation; so that what with her Extraordinaries at Home, and the unnecessary Disbursements her Travels occasioned, *Sawney* was, in the long Run, upwards of two thousand Pounds in Debt, before he could have
imagined

imagined he owed an Hundred ; and all this coming in for Payment together, almost distracted him. His Lady was at *London* when he first received the Shock of these Demands, rioting away the Winter in the Golden Joys of that Metropolis ; so that she was beyond the Reach of his verbal Reproaches ; or, indeed, had she been at Home, would *Sawney* have gained more by the Bargain than the customary Vent of his Passion ; for in such Cases, where Reflections are begun upon one Party, they seldom fail of becoming so mutual, that either suspecting itself for the Injured, little Hopes of Amendment are to be conceived to arise from quarrelling in the Marriage State.

Sawney having therefore no Wife at this critical Juncture to employ his Choler upon, to whom should he disclose his Anguish ? From whom should he seek that Relief in his Distress, which a Communication of Sorrow seldom fails to administer to the fainting Spirit, but to his Gentleman, in whom he distrusted not meeting a Friend, to sooth his Affliction by Participation, though he despaired of his removing the Cause of it ?

David had found himself so easily situated in *Sawney's* new Family, since his Fixture there, that having much Leisure Time upon his Hands, he had improved it mostly in Reading; and a Countryman of his having furnished him with an History of the *Welsh* Heroes, he had from thence extracted so many valorous Acts of his Ancestors, and applied them so effectually to his own Purposes, as to have wrought himself up, in Imagination, to one of the most spirituous Branches of the whole Family; or did he doubt, as he then signified to his Master, but with an Handful of Assistance, he could over-run the whole Country; for that his Relatives being exceeding numerous, (all of whom would make a Merit of joining him) what less could he expect, than to be reinstated in the Principality, so truly his by Descent; for that nothing could be plainer, than he could illustrate his Pedigree.

Nothing could be more visible than the Effect this Discourse of *David's* had upon his Master; for the hitherto dejected *Sawney*, who, at his Approach to *David*, was bowed beneath the Weight of his Oppression, had no sooner imbibed the Idea of Restoration to his Menial, than his
Crest

Crest grew elevated, his Eyes twinkled, his Spirit revived, and his noble Soul grew elate for Conquest; for his Troubles for the Misconduct of his Wife, and the ill Condition of his Exchequer, having enlarged his Capacity to every presenting Gleam, that but darted a single Ray of Comfort to his shaken Intellects, *David* met with but little Difficulty to set his Brain upon the Stretch after Crowns and Scepters, in Exchange for the black Prospect then before him, of losing all he had so long been labouring for.

Sawney being thus wrought up to a proper Pitch, and his Brain taking Fire at the Expedient: Whence comes it to pass, said he, that I have so derogated from that pure Stream of the Blood of my Fathers, as not equally to regard my Right with them? Had *Robert*, from whom I inherit my Blood and Being, in a straight, uninterrupted, lineal Conveyance, ever worn the Diadem without a Claim! Without a Struggle for it! Had he, upon the Rebuff he then met with, ever recovered it, but by Feats of Arms, and the surprising Atchievements of War! Did he not by Force, conducted by the Fertility of his own Projects, surmount all Difficulties,

ties, and over Thousands of Slain, pave his Road to his Royal Patrimony!—If his, why then not mine!—It is hereditary.—Nor matters it, that I have so long neglected my Interest in it.—The Sword must do me right, in Spite of Time, and every Opposition.

Two Kingdoms, *David*, added *Sawney*, are surely worth a Struggle. Two Kingdoms! Demanded *David*.—I thought your Pretensions had extended but to one, Sir. I tell thee two, returned *Sawney*; one, by Descent, hereditary, from my Grand Ancestor *Robert*; the other from his Brother *Edward*, who also conquered *Ireland*, and was there joyfully crowned King of it; but lived not long to enjoy it; whereupon it descended to *Robert*, the Root I spring from.

Edward died in the Wars, e'er he had composed the State to perfect Obedience. Died in the Field of Battle *David*, which crowns his Memory with never-fading Laurels.—Who would not rather chuse gloriously to fall amidst the Din of War, and Clangour of the rattling Spears, in Quest of Honour to immortalize his Name, and future Generation; than enjoying ignoble Ease, sit acquiescent in his Poverty,
adding

adding Years of lingering Tortures to his Mind, at the sad Prospect of what he might have been, had daring Valour pushed him at the Prize?

Let Dastards con their musty Records over, while shrinking meanly from the Warrior's Toil, they hug themselves at Ease on scanty Pittance. indulging over what they might have been, not daring to assert parental Privileges; my Soul disdains to follow such Examples.

No! *David*; Thou shalt charge at my Left-hand, nor ever will we sheath the Sword of Desolation, till thou hast seated me upon the Throne, with-held by treacherous Hands from me thy Lord and Master. Then, *David*, shall it be my Care to march my Squadrons through the Heart of *England*, and settle thee within thy Patrimony.

Sir, said *David*, If your Honour pleases, we had best enter into a League, offensive and defensive, before we come to be established in our several Demains; for I have observed in my Reading, that a crowned Head hath so many Courtiers to be consulted, and People to be pleased, before he is at Liberty to act according to his own Disposition, that if they should oppose

our Alliance, though ever so agreeable to us, they will overturn our Confederacy.

David! Thou arguest from Principles supported by Reason, said *Sawney*; or will we wait the tedious Modes of Courts.

Here, *David!* added he, give me Pen and Paper. The honest Heart, impatient of set Forms, breaks every Bound to unite to Truth alone. However, that our Subjects may hereafter learn our Wills, we will pen down Articles for their Direction; then let who will dispute them, at the Price of their Heads: Our Pleasure known, we will enforce Obedience.



C H A P. IV.

Arguments about the Treaty, and Plan of Operation. Finish it. Set out on their Enterprize. Lodge in a Wood. Dialogue there. David believes Sawney dead. Sad Accident. Loses Sawney. David's Dream.

SAWNEY was not long in drawing up this Treaty, which when he had performed, he read over to *David* for his Concurrence.

It contained first, an Article, whereby *David* was to issue out a Proclamation for all his *Welsh* Friends and Allies to meet him at *Llanvilling*, there to do Homage to him, and recognize his Title. Then, that *David* should raise ten thousand Men, who should march with him at their Head into *Scotland*, to enthrone *Sawney*; and that each contracting Party should from thence forward, on all proper Occasions, collect the whole Force of his Dominions to assist and maintain the Right of the other, his Heirs and Successors, and that a perpetual Amity should subsist between the two States.

David not greatly approving these Articles, objected to his quitting his Principality, so soon after his Re-assumption of it; for that he could expect no less, he said, (being encompassed by such a Number of Enemies) than that in his Absence they might so frame their Measures, as to keep him out when he was so; by which Means, he might never get future Footing on his Inheritance: So that he proposed, first, to accompany *Sawney* to his Kingdom, and from thence to march *Sawney's* Forces to *Wales*, before any one could even suspect him to have an Eye upon that Principality; and upon this they concluded, after the Addition of another Clause in Favour of *David*, for him and his Descendants to be invested with the Grand Mastership of all *Scotland*, in Case, by any unforeseen Accident, they should happen to be evicted of the *Welsh* Dominions.

The Treaty being thus happily brought to a Conclusion, *David* started an Objection, which had not as yet penetrated the Brain of the sagacious *Sawney*; which was, that he had never in his Reading observed a Treaty to have been perfected between Princes, without some Guaranty;
now

now though they could trust one another without Fear or Doubting; yet, he thought meerly for the Look of the Thing to their Subjects, it ought to be had, lest it should appear to them informal.

Sawney confessed himself gravelled, or could *David* help him out of it; but being as yet in Alliance with no one Power on Earth, nor having notified their Designs to any one, however necessary future Time might render it, they dropped the Guaranty, and both clapped their Hands to the Treaty.

David, who, as I said before, had in the latter Part of his Time made deep Researches into History, began now to boggle at the Insufficiency of the Treaty, in Defect of the Arms of each Country to it; and this, indeed, seemed even to *Sawney* himself no small Obstacle; till recollecting, that his late Father's old Iron-Seal, then hanging to his Watch, had an Highlander bagpiping upon it, he produced that; and *David's* Tobacco-stopper yielding the Impression of an He-Goat, they sealed the Treaty, and finished it.

Having thus happily surmounted every presenting Rub, they spent most of their
Mo-

Moments together, for several succeeding Days, till they were both as mad as could well be wished, for the Purpose they were embarked in ; no less than Kingdoms and Supremacy, placing the least Bounds to their soaring Imaginations ; nay, so little dubious were they of Success, that these were already looked upon as in Hand ; for having agreed upon an indisputable Right, founded upon hereditary Principles, what less than an Union of the Hearts and Hands of their Subjects could be reasonably expected to follow, upon the first Notice of their Pretensions ? Or should any stubborn Spirit prove so intractable to oppose their Measures, they had worked themselves up to such Intrepidity, that whole Squadrons must fall, before a single Arm of theirs.

The Day was now come for their March, and *Sawney* took all the Money he had in the House, amounting to about forty Pounds, with him ; then, himself mounted upon a spare Coach-Horse, a little lame, (his Lady having the best of them at *London* with her) and *David* upon a large old Mare, very big with Foal, but properest, as they judged for their Purpose, being of a broader Spread, and more of
the

the War-Horse Cut than any other they had, stole fasting off, in the Morning Twilight, keeping the High Road to *Sawney's* Dominions, for best Part of the Day, at a Foot-pace, that they might not overmarch the Cattle.

David was so provident at his first setting off, as to take a large Hunch of Bread and Cheese in his Pocket, not knowing how useful it might prove to him upon the March; especially, if their Road should lie through solitary Wilds or Desarts; nor was this Caution altogether needless, as we may collect from the ensuing History.

Sawney, just before the Close of Day, began to complain of Hunger, and could greatly have rejoiced, he said, at the Prospect of some fair Castle, where they might both have been admitted, and relieved for the Night, in a Way befitting Men at Arms; but no such Thing presenting, they had not prosecuted their March much further, before *Sawney* espied a Town to their Left, at such a Distance as his Eye could barely reach; to this therefore they turned off, in Hopes of attaining it, before dark Night should overtake them.

This

This Deflection, at about Half a Mile's Riding, delivered them into a lonely Wood, which they must necessarily pass, they imagined, before they could reach the Town; but the further they advanced, meeting still with the greater Impediments, before they had attained its extreme Verge, it became too dark for travelling; which necessitated our Princes to take up with the Shelter of the Trees, whilst they sought their Lodging upon the bare Ground.

O! How did *Sawney*, so soon as he was seated, envy *Slouch* (which was the Name his Coachman had given to his Gelding) the Regale he inscrupulously fell to, upon the Grass, and brouse before him; and what would himself have given, but to have been an Horse till the next Morning, that he might have been his Mess-mate; but Fate had otherwise ordained.

David, said he, I feel the Weight of Empire to hang heavy on my Spirits, my mortal Frame scarce able to support it.—Art thou not hungry, *David*? For whilst we remain incased in Clay, our Natures crave Recruit; nor may we imagine, by an Investiture with Royalty, to shake off
Mor-

Mortality.—Art thou not hungry? I say.

Truly, Master, replied *David*, I am not at present overpressed with it; but what may happen in another Day, I cannot now be responsible for.—Why, Sir, Do you mean to travel to *Edinburgh* without eating?

He that would govern others, ought to be a thorough Master of his own Appetites, said *Sawney*, and so would I, but cannot. My Flesh subdues my Will, and claims that Aid I am not prepared to give, it.—Art thou not hungry then? I say, *David*.

I had, no doubt, e'er now been so, replied *David*, but that I provided myself of a Meal before-hand. Why? Hast thou eaten then, said *Sawney*? Nought but Bread and Cheese, replied *David*, with which I stored my Pockets in the Morning, and have ever since been devouring, as I rode behind you.

How couldst thou be so base, to offer me none? said *Sawney*. Nay, Master, replied *David*, could it be suspected but you was at the same Exercise? Why? We have not exchanged six Words To-day; which nothing one would have thought
could

could have prevented, but such other Employment as our Mouths had been busied about.

Surely Sir, added *David*, you cannot be ignorant, that as to every Discharge of our Fire-Arms, a previous Charge is necessary, or we may hack and snap our Hearts out, without doing the least Execution; so for every bodily Labour to be performed, we must charge ourselves properly for the Undertaking: Nor can I think an hearty Meal, which invigorates the Spirits, recruits Nature, fills the little Ducts with Juices, and braces up his Nerves, less needful to a Warrior, than to his Arms. All Nature hates a Vacuity, and as a Part and Member thereof, so do I; but I am sorry it so happens, that I spared you none of my Regale, which I well might have done, had I thought of it; and yet have reserved a Sufficiency for myself.

Rugged and thorny, said *Sawney*, (who was by this Time near dropping to Sleep, with Hunger and Fatigue) are the Paths which lead to Crowns, *David*.—Nor suit they every Soul to travel them.—What! If I die, through Hunger in this Wood, it is in Pursuit of Royalty, equally, as if
I was

I was shot in the Field of Battle.— There lies my Aim.— That—I pursue till Death.— No Man was born to never-failing Conquest.— Yet all fall happily in the Bed of Honour.— By several Ways pursuing the same End.— Thou'lt give me decent Sepulture, *David*.— Nor fail, upon my monumental Stone,— to write—a Detail—of—what—I would have done.

Sawney's Inclination to sleep, had caused his pronouncing the latter Part of his Speech so deliberately, that *David* collected from his absolute future Silence, his Master must be dead, and was falling into a Fit of Desperation, at the Thoughts of his having made his Words good; then it being so excessive dark, that he could form no Guess at his Condition by Sight, he called him by Name several Times, intreating him to answer, or give some Sign of a living Man; but meeting with no Return to his Vociferations, *David* started up, and was running to feel for him; (for they had seated themselves, each with his Back against a Tree, as near to the other as the Trees would permit them) when in his Hurry, a Stump taking his Toe, pitched poor *David* Head foremost into a Bramble-Bush. This so hampered him,

him, that in struggling for his Release, he tore his Face, Hands, and Legs most insufferably, till they all ran down with Blood ; or could he at length escape from many a Prick in his Flesh, which still remained buried within the Skin, to his no small Mortification.

Having now obtained a Release, his Concern wrought not half so much towards his own Ease, as to the deplorable State he expected to find *Sawney* in ; but though he exerted his utmost Abilities, he could by no Means gain the Spot where his Master lay ; for upon his Escape from the Bush, not rightly noticing in what Direction he had fallen into it, and having taken some of his first Steps to a wrong Tendance, he was now so bewildered in the Dark, and the Odds of so many wrong Ways, opposing themselves to the one single Right, that the further he pushed, the wider he deviated from his Mark ; till his Patience being entirely worn out, and his Spirits spent, after an Hour or two wasted in ineffectual Travel, unable to proceed further, he sunk upon his Breech till Morning.

His over-strained Limbs demanding a Relaxation, *David* made no Scruple of
in-

indulging them, and submitted to a profound Sleep; wherein, his Imagination painted to him his Master, armed Cap-à-pee, rushing into the Heat of Battle, amidst contending Squadrons ready for Slaughter, and intent on Victory. He further thought, that having cut his Way through them all to the Monarch his Competitor, he dismounted him, and alighting from his Horse, severed his Head from his Body: Then riding up to him, he thought, *David!* said he, (with the Head upon the Point of his Sword, still besprinkling his Garments with the trickling Blood) I nominate you my General, and be this my imperial Ensign. Then calling aloud to the dismayed Forces of his late Enemy, he invited them under his Banner, engaging to rule them with Equity and Moderation; at the same Time, declaring to them, that he was their rightful Sovereign.

The Troops, *David* thought, came crowding round him, and did him Homage as their Lord; when mounting him again upon *Slouch*, they all marched off together towards *Sterling*, nigh unto which Place the Action had happened. *David* was now in the Height of Extasy, not doubting,

doubting, but that People who had so joyfully received his Master, would as readily, at his Command, conduct him to his Principality, and was just forming his Method of Behaviour, and the Manner in which he should be received by his Subjects; when the Acclamations of the Troops awakened him, at broad Day-light, lonely and deserted, without Friend or Companion, in a thin Part of the Wood, where he could cast his Eyes around him for some Distance, between the Trees.

David was at first dubious, whether the Scenes he had before been engaged in were Realities, and himself then in a Dream, when he supposed them vanished; or whether he had been dreaming before, and was now awake; till rising from his Seat, and performing several of the Functions of a wakeful Animal, he became dissatisfactorily satisfied, that all the pleasurable Prospects before presented to him had been a Dream, and that himself and Master were rejected Princes still; but the Metal he was formed of, and the Vigour of his Blood, discarding all Despondency, he set forward with Perseverance, for the Recovery of his lost Master, and Patron.

C H A P. V.

*David finds his Master. His Reflections.
Lose their Horses. Go in Quest of them.
Sawney saved from Drowning by a Farmer.
Knights him. Hears of his Horses.*

CONCEIT itself can scarce paint Horror in viler Colours than *David* felt it, for the Loss of his Master; nor tarried it in his Mind only, but from thence diffused itself to his Members also; for he wrung his Hands, smote his Breast, and so distorted his Countenance, that his nearest Friend could not have recollected him, during the Continuance of the Paroxysm. He called, he hallowed till he was so hoarse, that he could be no longer noisy; but met with no Return: Till at length, by meer Accident, he fell into the Track which led him to his beloved Master: But, O Horror! What a Sight was reflected to his Senses, of his dearest Patron fixed still against the Tree he had left him at, with his Head pendant, his Mouth gaping open, and his Arms fallen, whilst his Body seemed stiff, as if the
Stroke

Stroke of Death had fixed him there ! or laboured *David* under the least Doubt, but that this was the real Case.

David, as he made the best of his Way over the interposing Shrubs, recollecting his dying Words, had little Thought but of his Funeral ; and sorry he was, he could not form them into the very same Order his departing Master had placed them in, that they might have composed his Epitaph. Alas ! said he, how are my blooming Hopes nipped in the Bud ! How are all my Prospects for redeeming my lost Patrimony blasted ! For without the Aid of the *Scots* Recruits, never shall I be able to demand my Right ; but instead of reigning, must myself be governed, and from my natural Station at the Head of the Community, must I labour for the Feet of Men again. O ! Sad Reverse of Fate ! So near a Princedom, and be thus defeated !

He had come to a Resolution, as the lesser Evil, to sit down by the Tree he had occupied the last Night, and there to pine away with Hunger, by the Side of his deceased Lord, rather than by committing himself to the living World again, to become a Witness to his further Wretchedness ;

edness; and had just began his Purpose, fixed in Contemplation, with his Eyes shut, and every external Faculty reverted inwards; when what was his Amazement! At being roused from his Resvery, by such a Snort, and that, to his Apprehension just at his Ear too, as if a Sty of Swine had been playing in Concert there. His Hair stood erect on his Head, his Heart fluttered, and the whole Microcosm trembled; nor durst he raise an Eye-lid, lest he should become the terrified Spectator of the impending Catastrophe, which he momentarily expected to fall upon him: Yet listened he, with open Ear, for what might follow next. When lo! A Repetition; but more distinct, and then an human Yawn; which having considered of a-while, he could plainly trace to his recumbent Master; who having never once stirred since *David* had left him, was now stretching himself for awaking; but over-borne with Heaviness, he had again surrendered himself to *Morpheus's* Chains, and began to snore most powerfully.

David, in Raptures for the Hope before him, sat gently listening to the Drone, each Note enivigorating him, beyond the most precious Cordial Mixtures, till in
about

about Half an Hour, *Sawney* starting up, and perceiving it to be broad Day, he stretched his almost perished Limbs, benumbed for Want of Covering; then propping up one Eye, and therewith espying *David*, weeping for Joy of his Return to Life again, he bad him Good-morrow; demanded why he had not raised him sooner, and declared his Intention to horse.

David would not just then let him into the History of the preceding Night, reserving that till they should be on their Journey; but the poor Fellow was so elate at the View of *Sawney* before him, that he had never once cast a single Thought after the Horses, who now had all the Country before them; for being clearly out of Sight, neither Master or Man could say which Rout to take for their Recovery.

The Loss of their Cattle was by no Means a Thing to be overlooked; for, for two Princes to be seeking their Dominions, like Pedlars, on Foot, would have borne so indifferent a Face with it, as might have totally dispirited their Partizans, and have frustrated their whole Proceedings. Upon all Accounts, therefore, it was determined, that the Horses
were

were the first Scent they should go upon, as promissary of the fairest Success to the Undertaking.

It was about ten o'Clock before the Debate was fully settled, which Point each should take of the Compass, for beginning his Circuit; though *Sawney* would much rather have had a good smoaking Joint before him, than the best Beast in *Chriſtendom*. He enquired, whether *David's* light Diet had not passed off of his Stomach yet? To which *David* replied in the Affirmative; but that though he had nothing to eat, he was so happy as not to want it; and that, by Way of Succedaneum, he should apply to his Tobacco-box, which, in a Dearth of Provision, had often stood his Friend, till Plenty offered again; and advised his Majesty (for by this Time, that Title, as the other of Highness, began to take Place between them) to partake of a Cuid with him.

Majesty started at the Proposal, as a filthy and unpolite Custom, worthy only of the basest of his Subjects; but his Highness having amplified the Virtues of that Plant to an Excess, and especially, as a Specifick for protracting the Demands of the Appetite, beyond the Course of

pure Nature, the Sovereign consenting, *David* applied an enormous Pinch to his Jaws, with special Directions for his Behaviour during the Operation; then taking Leave of each other, they set forwards on their allotted Walk, appointing to meet at a known Rendezvous, where they would recruit their exhausted Vigours with a good Meal.

David took the West, and North-West Rout, with Orders still to bend Norwardly in the Evening, in Case he should meet with the Beasts no sooner; whilst *Sawney* was to take the East and North-East, with like future Tendency to the North, in Order to their meeting at *Staindorp*.

It was in the Beginning of *April*, and the Day proved exceeding hot and gloomy, insomuch that his Majesty, who was cloathed in a large *Whitney* Rug, over his common Cloathing, and that wrapped and belted round him, with a Brace of Pistols stuck in his Girdle, a large tied Wig, and Beaver Hat on his Head, with an unfizable Pair of old Jack-Boots on, soon began to melt, and grow prodigiously uneasy; but what contributed the most to his Perplexity was, the Tobacco in his Mouth, which he, not being used to, had swallowed

swallowed a large Parcel of. This raised such a Turmoile in his Stomach, that he was ready to bring his Heart up, for Want of somewhat else to discharge.

It seizing his Head next, no Creature half drowned in a Wine-pipe, could labour under stronger Symptoms of Eibriety than he did; till unable to endure his Giddiness, Sicknefs, and Drought any longer, as he was stooping over a Stream to scoop some Water in the Brim of his Hat, for his Refreshment, in dropped Majesty; and here we must have concluded this History, had not a poor Farmer, on his Search through the Common after a strayed Heifer, been Spectator of the Accident, who running to his Assistance, saved him from a watery Death.

The Cooling this Plunge had ministred to his heated Limbs, and the Service it had been of to his Brain, were inexpressible: For lo! He had not for many Minutes been placed upon a Mole-hill, before the Water he had imbibed in his Struggling, breaking forth with several violent Eructations, had so cleansed his Stomach and Intestines, that his Head,

having reaped the Benefit of it, proclaimed him a sound Man again.

Sawney then taking the Farmer by the Hand, paid him many Compliments, mostly tending to the Honour that would for ever adhere to him and his Posterity, for Generations yet to come, from the noble Feat he had just performed; rather than to the Benefit himself had received from his Courtesy. Adding, that Fortune had now made up to him all former Deficiencies of her Favours, in that by his Hand, she had preserved that Life, which Children yet unborn would be obliged to reverence him for.

Putting then his Hand in his Pocket, *Sawney*, in most princely wise, made him a Donation of ten Guineas, with Injunction to wait upon him at *Holyrood-House*, in the Autumn, with a Petition for whatever else he should require for himself or Family; and sorry he was, he said, that it was not then in his Power to requite his Services by an adequate Reward; but to testify his Gratitude, so far as Opportunity would permit him, he would not suffer him to depart without those Honours his Hand only could confer.

The

The poor Farmer stared like a bewilder'd Traveller, or could he guess what grand Personage he had light upon. The Gold he could swear to be true Sterling; then why should he mistrust the Speeches to be counterfeit? But when his Majesty had asked his Name (to which the Fellow replied *Timothy Barbacue*) and then drawing his Sword, had commanded him to his Knee before him, the poor Wretch turning pale as Death, with uplifted Hands and Eyes humbly besought him (for that he must be some great Man he was certain) to be merciful to him, and spare his Life, for the Sake of his Wife and Family.

Sawney, no otherwise moved at his Petition, than by a Smile at his Ignorance; *Timothy*, said he, fear not, thou art in my Esteem, amongst the first of Men; therefore, (then laying the Sword upon his Shoulder, at which the Fellow trembled ruefully) I say unto thee, Rise up, Sir *Timothy Barbacue*; from henceforth, a Knight Batchelor art thou.

The poor Farmer venturing then to rise, made all due Submission, and was retiring; When, Sir *Timothy*, said his Majesty, how far have you travelled in these

Plains and the Woods adjoining? He replied, that having for some Days past lost an Heifer, he had been several Miles, many Ways, in Search after her. The next Question being, what Kind of a Beast she was? *Sawney*, no sooner heard her Description, than he pointed behind him, to the Place he would find her in; at which *Sir Timothy* rejoiced greatly.

Sawney then demanding, whether *Sir Timothy* in his Walk had not seen his Cattle, describing them? He replied, he believed he had; but that the Mare, when he saw her, had a Foal by her Side.

Sawney, little doubting by the Justness of *Sir Timothy's* Remarks upon the Horse, but that the Mare must be the same he wanted, took his Leave of *Sir Timothy*, who now made not the least Question of his having been in Company with the King; when looking again at the Guineas, he had the less Scruple, but upon his future Application, he should arise from one Honour to another, till he arrived to the Rank of Nobility.

Sir Timothy's Head was so turned with these Cogitations, that he had scarce Pa-
 tience

tience to pursue the strayed Beast, till he had given her Ladyship some Account of his good Fortune; but we must now leave the Knight to the Dictates of his own Brain, whilst we attend his Majesty in his further Peregrinations.



C H A P. VI.

*SAWNEY's Sufferings in Pursuit of his Cattle.
Secures them in a Farm-Yard. His Com-
pliments to Mira. Leaves the Farmer's.
Loses his Coat. Proceeds to join David.*

NO sooner was Sir *Timothy's* Back turned, than *Sawney* took his Way after the Horse and Mare, the Water dropping from his Cloaths into his Jack-Boots, which were thereby kept brimful; but still he proceeded, as the Reward in the End would so fully compensate for all intermediate Labour.

It was now past Noon, and the Sun very warm, nor was there any the least Breeze of Wind, to refresh his Majesty with its transient Gales.

His Garments were trebled in Weight, by the Water they had sucked in so plentifully, and such a Bath was himself in, when he quitted a little Wood for the Lawn, wherein he first espied the Cattle, that he was ready to drop through Faintness; but the Beasts were to be recovered, or a Stop must be put to their future Progress.

He

He was now within an Horse Length of them, nothing in the Creation seeming so gentle as they, which spirited up his Hopes, that the worst was then over; but as sure as he moved to the Head of the Coach-Horse, so surely turned he his Posteriors to his Master. The Saddle was gone, and the Bridle broken; but yet enough of this was remaining to have guided him with, could he once have been so happy as to have backed him.

They kept Company together thus, till *Sawney* was so fatigued, and sweat to such a Degree, as to fear he must have deserted the Chase, and have taken his Lodging on the Common he was then crossing. He slipped off his Great-Coat, which had hitherto proved his main Incumbrance, and stuffing it into a Bush, renewed the Pursuit of the Cattle for about two Miles further, almost Cheek by Jowl to each other; but without ever once being able to secure the Bridle, which so sure as ever he caught at, the Creature starting aside, prevented him.

Sawney was become so disheartened, that he had begun to turn all his Concerns towards himself; when espying two Horsemen upon full Speed, at a Distance, he

hallowed, and brought them to; but upon opening his Case, and imploring their Assistance, they cursed him for a Block-head for troubling them, and clapping Spurs to their Steeds, bad him catch his own as he best could, for them.

This severe Treatment warmed *Sawney's* Resentment to Foreigners. Had I been in my own Dominions, thought he, how obsequious had these very Wretches been, who have now so egregiously slighted me; but he that aims at a Diadem, must pick it off of Thorns, and bear Insults with Patience in the Process; till once it encircles his Temples, when it soon becomes his Turn to domineer.

He had scarce watched the Motions of his Beasts Half a Mile further, when he espied a Farm-House, with a strong Hedge running for some Way by the Side of it, and a low Pale in Front, which he instantly applied to his Purpose, by gently following the Creatures along the Hedge-Side, till at length he turned them into the Yard, where he soon impounded them, and thereby conquered his Difficulty.

So much Time and Pains had been employed in the above Exercise, that it was now grown into the Close of the Day,
and

and several Calls of Nature then prompting him to Refreshment, prevented all Thoughts of his Removal, till they were in some Measure satisfied; so that venting a piteous Story to the good Woman of the Fabrick, (her Husband being then upon a Journey for some Days) he prevailed upon her both for his Supper and Lodging; then having filled his Skin with such Edibles as the Mansion afforded, hung his wet Cloaths to dry, and issued his Orders about the Horses, the Woman's Daughter conducted him to his Bed-Room, and there left him.

Sawney had never been better tuned for sleeping in all his Days, which Exercise he soon engaged in, or was he known to be alive on the following Noon, but by the inexpressible Rattling of his Throat, which alarmed the whole Family; till my Goody, suspecting his Repose to be preternatural, and the Effect of some Distemper, when her Dinner was set upon the Table, awaked him, to partake with her.

He paid her his Compliments, upon his Descent to the Kitchen, in a very princely Manner; and having made an hearty Meal, upon a boiled Shin of Beef and Broth, extolled her Cookery to the very Skies,

in-

intreating her to favour him with the Receipt, he being determined to feast his whole Court upon that Dainty; and assured her, that whenever she would pay her Duty to him at *Holyrood-House*, he would present her with the best Buck his Dominions would afford, in Return for it; besides the great Things he would perform for her Children, of whom three or four were then at the Table with him; but the eldest, a very beautiful and modest Girl, of about sixteen Years of Age, he insisted should be Maid of Honour to his Consort.

The old Woman staring at *Sawney*, had little Doubt of a disordered Brain, when she heard him run on so wildly; but the young one, upon the Promise of her Preferment, took it for a done Thing, and bridled up exceedingly upon it; making bold, (by Way of bespeaking a Compliment) to reply, that she should never be fine enough to make a Maid of Honour.

Young Lady, said *Sawney*, Virtue and Honour are the most commendatory Qualifications of the human Being; but joined to the superlative Graces you possess, and the Charms your Person abounds with, they never fail to demand Regard from

from every judicious Eye. As for your Dress, a better will soon be acquired in my Court; but that, or aught, not heightened by the natural Endowments of the Person, can never render the Object deserving, in my Opinion. These, fair Lady, you excel in; nor can any one, I am persuaded, more deservingly grace my Court, than yourself. My Affairs will be settled by Autumn, when I shall expect you, with the good Lady your Mother.

Pray Sir, said *Mira*, (that being the Girl's Name) may I be so bold to enquire where you live? Majesty smiled! My pretty Maiden, replied he, your Question puzzles me; but where I shall live, when I shall expect you, I have already mentioned to be *Holyrood-House*, the ancient Palace of my Progenitors. There, my Dear, you shall converse with ancient Heroes in my long Gallery, all my Ancestors of famous Memory, whose vast Atchievements load my Country's Records, even beyond the Strength of Probability; yet those are not a Tythe of all their noble Acts.

I, by Descent, entitled to their Heritage, am now proceeding to enjoy my Patrimony: My Subjects groaning for Deliverance
by

by my sole Arm, from their worse than *Egyptian* Bondage; or am I the first, or only Prince by many, who have been exiled from my Royal Prerogatives: What Histories might I quote, what Stories relate, to verify the Truth of this? But I omit them, as needless to my present Purpose.

The good Woman, now observing him to look so seriously, and proceed so rationally, had by this Time changed her Opinion, and believed him somewhat more than she had taken him for; then, deducing reasonable Illustrations from his mistaken Premises, they adhering to these only, began to build upon mighty Matters, dependant on his Professions, and became heartily unwilling to part with him, lest with their Persons, amidst the Avocations of a Court, he should also forget his Promises.

By the Time Dinner, and the above Discourse was over, and e'er *Sawney* had swallowed a Mug or two of my Dame's best Nappy, which he seemed exceedingly fond of, the Day had crept on, till it was past four in the Afternoon; when he ordered his Horse for his Departure; but the Delay proved so great, in repairing the shattered
Bridle,

Bridle, moving the Mare's Saddle to the Horse, and providing her with an Halter for *Sarwey* to lead her by; none of which Movements had been timely considered, that it was now almost six o'Clock, and too late for his Majesty to reach the Rendezvous that Night, had he been ever so much inclined to it; which, in Truth, he was not; for having tasted the Sweets of a Bellyful, and a warm Night's Repose, he was greatly inclined to a Repetition of both, before he quitted such Company, as founding their Felicity upon his Assurances, proved the properest of Fuel for his Foible.

He ordered every Thing in Readiness for the Morning, and took Horse with the earliest Day; having first saluted my Dame, and *Mira*; each of whom he presented, this, with Half, and the other with an whole Guinea. When *Mira*, who had never before been Mistress of such a Treasure, to make her Court the surer to him, and establish herself the firmer in his Memory; having once received the Benediction of a Bishop, and doubting not but a King's would be still superior, dropped upon her Knees for his Blessing; but instead of his Hand upon her Head,
as

as the Bishop had before placed his *Sawney* delivered her his to kifs; then raising her from the Ground, and re-saluting her Lips: Most illustrious Lady, said he, either I am deceived in the Lines of your Countenance, or you will soon be the Wife of one of my chief Nobles. Then mounting *Slouch*, and the Carter delivering him the Mare's Halter, he moved gravely off, while the Filly ambled neighing beside them.

It being early, and somewhat windy, the Morning proved so excessive cold, as soon to remind him of his Great-Coat, which he had lodged in the Bush two Days before; so that though it was just so much out of his Way; yet the present Necessity, and what might in future happen, prevailed with him to recover that, the first Thing he proceeded to. It was with no little Difficulty, through a trackless Wild, that he found his Way back to the Place again; but being arrived, though not the same Way he had left it by, a new Difficulty started, from the innumerable Bushes of near the same Appearance there, and this he could no Ways conquer; for though he had put his Wits upon the Tenter, and had examined

amined Abundance of them, he was at length obliged to desist, from the Unsurmountableness of the Task, to scrutinize them all ; so that resting content with his Loss, he turned off in Quest of *David*.

Though he found himself sorely distressed, through the Bleakness of the Weather, for Want of his Joseph ; yet he bore up with surprising Resolution, under the Comfort of having recovered the Cattle again, and the Reflection, that Fortitude, Equanimity, and a Neglect of Disappointments, must set a Man superior to worldly Accidents, and support him through all his Enterprizes ; more especially such as would require the coolest Head, and utmost Serenity of Mind, to surmount ; so that quitting further Thought of his Coat, he solaced himself with the Reflection of its being but just the same Thing, as if he had at first left it behind him ; and turning *Slouch* about, rode on to join his Highness.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Difficulties in his Journey. Finds David greatly distressed. Account of his Misfortune. Application to his Wounds. Some Considerations on their Landlady.

SAWNEY had Business enough upon his Hands, to manage all his Family upon the Way; for if the Colt lagged over so little behind, not a Step forwarder would the Mare move; so that had he not kept a most exact Hand between *Slouch* and her, by checking him, at the Instant she drew back, he must either, by quitting of her, have had all his Work to have done over again, or have been pulled off his own Horse between them. Nor was this all; for the Colt, upon Sight of other Cattle, would frequently take a Frisk towards them; when *Sawney*, unable to restrain its Mother from pursuing it, was obliged to gallop sometimes one Way, and sometimes another, for a Quarter of a Mile together, till the Foal quitting its Company, was pleased to return to its Dam again, which rendered *Sawney's* Journey so irksome to him, that he had often,

often wished the Colt in her Belly again; or that some lucky Hit or other, would but dispatch her of an Errand to the other World.

Having thus spent best Part of his Day in this Exercise, *Sawney's* Arms were now ten Times more fatigued than his Legs, on his Arrival at the Farm-house; but Perseverance, as I said before, levels Mountains, and this brought him in the Evening within Sight of the appointed Meeting-place.

The Joy *Sawney* had conceived at the Prospect of an End to his Labours, and an expected Union with his Fellow-Traveller again, was immensely great; which whilst he was gratefully musing on, the Mare, by a sudden Spring of her Head, slipping the Halter through his Gripe, not only tore away best Part of the Skin from his Fingers (before sorely blistered by so tedious a Retention of her) but recovered her former Liberty.

Though *Sawney* grievously regretted the Mare's Escape, and was about to have lavished out his Exclamations on the Subject; yet he soon found he had gained such Experience by it, as had he before been Master of, might have saved him
many

many an Hazard of his Neck that he had run in leading her so far as he had done ; for that being so perfectly acquainted with *Slouch*, no Dog could more lovingly follow his Master, than she did him, to the Inn they put up at.

His Majesty had promised himself Abundance of Enjoyment in his Highness's Society that Night, it being the first Publick-House they had inned at ; but upon Enquiry, *David* was not to be found, by any Description his Master could give of him. There was a poor Man, he was informed, almost naked, and wounded, brought in there two Days before, whom they had put to Bed, where he still lay ; but they expected his Death every Moment, for he had neither eaten or drank since he came.

The Horses being put up, *Sawney*, impatient for a Sight of this Object, was conducted to his Bed-Side, where he found *David*, in a very low and languishing Condition, and scarce able to speak so as to be heard intelligibly. *Sawney* sat down by him, and begged an Account of his Disorder ; to whom *David* replied, in broken Accents, that he had been robbed and murdered. Murdered ! retorted *Sawney*,
how

how then came you alive again ? I mean, in Consequence, replied *David*; for that I am a dying Man is most apparent; but to let you into my History, Sir, I met with two Ruffians, soon after my parting with you, of whom I enquired my Way hither, and whether they had seen my Mare; for if so, I doubt not but your Horse was within Sight of her. They both replied, they had, and if I would but step with them, they would bring me to the Sight of her.

What Mischief could have been expected from an Offer of such Civility ! So, returning my Thanks for the Trouble they would give themselves, I accepted of their Kindness.

They led me into one of the thickest Covers of the Wood, when turning short upon me, Your Money, or your Blood, said they. I started at the Sound, and caught at my Sword, to have defended myself; but before I could draw up upon the defensive, I was knocked down, past Sensation of my Misfortune. What next ensued, I am ignorant of, till opening my Eyes, as they were stripping my Shirt from my Back, I revived, in Time, to bear Witness of their tying me bare-headed,
and

And bare-backed, to a damnable hard coat-
ed old Oak, against which, with struggling
for my Release, I have lost as much Lea-
ther, as would have cut into two Pair of
large Vamps; or had I ever gained Re-
demption from it, but for an honest way-
faring Man, who, led by my Groans, ar-
rived to my Succour.

Magnanimous Prince! said *Sawney*,
shake off this Bitterness, wherewith your
manly Spirit seems oppressed. Exert your
Prowess, and come to Supper with me.
Events fortuitous must not subdue our
native Vigour thus. How many Mo-
narchs before your Highness, have waded
to the Knee in Blood, reaching at Em-
pire.

'Tis true! Thy Wounds and Bruises
so ignobly gained, add nothing to thy
Worth, by basest Hands inflicted; but
they enure thee to the Pistols-Shot, the
Bayonets, and Backswords deep Incisions;
for these thou must expect to triumph in,
amidst the Clangour of a civil War.

Arise! I say, and let us proceed to
Supper.

Alas! My Liege! replied *David*, tho'
my Body could sustain itself awhile in up-
right Posture, to attend your Majesty;
yet

yet Decency forbids Exposure of my naked Corps in your Highness's Presence. My Baggage hath been pillaged; I have lost my Arms, am bare as *Job* too, from my Middle upwards; so cannot rise, without a proper Covering. Had I but that, I trust, I'd make a Shift to accompany your Grace at the Banquet; for to tell you the Truth, Sir, since I saw you last, I have made no Meal, or have my Lips been moistened; nay, had you never found me, I had never more arose; for having both lost my Cloaths and Money, my Distress was more tolerable here in secret, than, had I arose, to have been the Laughing-Stock of the whole Town, with nothing in Nature to have helped myself; for who, think you, would have lent me Cloaths, or provided me with other Necessaries, unpaid, in this barbarous Part of the Country?

Sawney's Choler rose prodigiously at this Report; he vowed Revenge upon the Robbers; but plied his instant Steps to the procuring such present Accommodation for the despoiled *David*, as the Time would best permit, and the Exigency of his Case required.

His

His first Application was to the Inn-keeper's Wife, her Husband being then from Home; when having laid before her the Dignity of the Person for whom they were wanted, and the several Particulars that would be requisite; and further, that he would satisfy her for the Use of them, till a more suitable Dress could be prepared for his Friend; she, to oblige so good a Customer, who had promised to make her House his Home till *David* was new rigged, soon re-entered the Chamber, with an whole Arm Load of Furniture, against the Gentleman should be disposed to be stirring.

Highly pleased with my Landlady's Readiness to oblige him, *Sawney* demanded what her House would afford for their Suppers? Which she, quickly recollecting, begged to know whether his Honour should like this? Extremely well, he told her: Or that? she said, or another Thing? naming singly, so far as her Memory served, the whole Inventory of her Larder; to each of which, *Sawney* having as readily given his Affirmative; before *David* was half dressed, the Spit was turning, the Pot boiling, and all the Stoves at work for their Entertainment; for

Sawney

Sawney having expressed his equal Approbation of, and Assent to each Particular, as she had named them, she had ordered all she had to be gotten ready.

Whilst Supper was thus providing, *David* complaining loudly of his Back, *Sawney* took one of the Candles to examine it by; when he observed it to be in worse Plight than he had before imagined it; for having been very raw in many Places, by rubbing against the Tree, the Scurf of its Bark had crufted into the dried Parts, which all seemed full set for festering.

Sawney gave him a Description how he found it, and upon Consultation, had they agreed to tallow it, by Way of suppling the crufted Scurf; when *David* making up a fair Back, *Sawney* tipped up the Candle, which dropping its melted Tallow upon the Sore, so scalded poor *David*, and put him to such immense Torture, that he roared like a Boar just stuck, till he had brought up the good Wife of the House, with many of her under Ministers at her Heels, to enquire into the Cause of the Outcry.

Sawney opening the Affair to her, and giving her a Peep at *David's* Posteriors,

the pronounced Sentence that it was highly enflamed, and must instantly be mitigated, by some soft and cooling Plaister; so that upon her Descent, she sent up Half a Yard square of spread Melilot, which being applied, abated the Anguish of the Part prodigiously.

So much Time had already been spent in Preparatives for *David's* Rising, that Supper was upon the Table before he was quite dressed; at which Instant there arriving a Nobleman's Family, with a Coach and Six, who all likewise wanted their Suppers, my Landlady having nothing left for them, begged it as a Favour, that the new Comers might be admitted to *Sawney's* Table.

His first Enquiry was, who they were? When the Woman replying, they were Persons of Distinction, travelling Southward, *Sawney* judged no less, than that they were some of his own Nobles; alledging to *David*, that nothing could have happened more commodious, than this Opportunity of disclosing himself to them; so that he gave her Leave to introduce them.

Turning then to *David*, he gave him his Opinion of the good Aspect his Affairs

fairs seemed to have put on, and how happy he thought himself, in that, on the very first Night of his resting at that House, he should meet with some of his own Countrymen, and those of a superior Class too; from whom he might not only gain Intelligence of the general State of his Kingdom, and of the good Affection of his Subjects to his Family; but also, with whom he might form an Interest, for the Prosecution of his future Purposes.

David replied, that he much doubted their being of any Service to his Designs; for that, if he mistook not, his Hostess said they were travelling Southward, which rather foreboded their holding a Correspondence with his Enemies.

David! cried *Sawney*, thou shootest beside the Mark in many Respects, taking Things too implicitly, in the Shapes they disguise themselves to thy outward Senses. Thou callest the Matron of this Mansion thy Hostess; but if I have any intellectual Discernment, she is no otherwise so, than in Shew, and under a Deception to thy visual Organs.

Not an Hostess! replied *David*, why? What does your Majesty take her for? Any Thing, answered *Sawney*, rather than

what she appears to be. No Hostess, however, assure thyself; but rather a Lady of no small Distinction. Observed you not her Mien, her Air, her Behaviour, to denote the Concealment of her real Person from thee? Are such Language and Qualifications as she is endowed with Characterisms of a Publican? The short jetting Step, the Trip, the Curtisy, would proclaim the Woman within her, was she cloathed in Rags, superior to the Way of Life she would assume to thee and me. Nay, in my Belief, these Strangers with whom we are to sup, are her near Relations, and only upon a Visit of Ceremony to her.

Before their Argument was fully concluded, came the Drawer, to assure them, that both Supper and the Company waited for them; so that the Remainder of the Debate was obliged to be postponed, to the next Opportunity.

C H A P. VIII.

*Account of their Company at Supper. Their Reception. Sawney's Speech to David. Discovers himself to the Company. Ad-
vices with my Lord. The Company's Re-
flection on them.*

THE new Corners in the Parlour were the Earl of G—s and his Lady, the Maister of G—s, their Son, a young Lady, their Daughter, their Chaplain, and two Gentlemen, Friends of his Lordship, with three Servants in Livery behind them.

The Waiter entering first, double candled, to him succeeded Sawney, stalking most majestically; at Sight of whom, the whole Assemblage rose, to pay their Compliments, which he returned almost to the Floor; but recovering again, intreated them all to be seated.

David, who was but a thin and short Man, with red Hair shocked, but a Thought longer than the Wool of a Negro, appeared next; at least, so much as could be discovered of him; for being invested in the Coat of my Landlord, who

was a Man of the first Rate, both for Height and Thickness; he exhibited only his Head and Neck to the Shoulder Joints, peeping through the Collar of the Vestment, which would fairly have contained three of his Bodies: His Hands were swallowed up in an Immensity of Sleeve, and the Skirts of his Garment reached to the Ground, and rested on it.

Compliments ended between *Sawney* and the Company, *David* stepped forward to take his Turn; and raising up one Sleeve, would have kissed his Hand, could he any Ways have gained the Pass to it; whilst unobserved, he kicked up his Right-foot behind its Covering; for *David* had never corrupted his natural Air, by the foreign Assistance of a Dancing-Master.

All had proceeded with becoming Gravity, till the Appearance of *David*; when the Strangers, no longer able to regulate their Deportment by the Laws of Decency, broke out into an open Laughter; or could they apply it to the least intervening Accident, in Favour of the absorbed Member, though they several Times attempted it; but the frequent Iterations of their Mirth would admit of no other Subject than the almost entombed *David*, no

Part

Part of the Figure of whom was to be seen, save his round Head, that waggled about, just as if it had moved by Clock-work.

Though all seemed to have been composed upon their seating themselves for Supper; yet few of them, when they cast an Eye upon *David*, but were convulsed by tittering Symptoms; for poor *David* met with such Difficulty in finding his Hands, and conveying them the readiest Way to his Mouth, as, in spite of every contrary Resolution, kept them upon the merry Pin all Supper-Time.

So soon as the Things were removed, and the Servants had evacuated the Room, *Sawney*, by Way of Introduction to more weighty Matters, began upon *David's* melancholy Accident; setting forth minutely all that had befallen him; when though the Company would fain have exercised their Pity for his Misfortune, they had no sooner cast their Eyes upon the Object of their Compassion, than the rum Figure he then shewed out in, drew every Feature into risible Order; till *Sawney* beholding the Indignity with some Commotion;

Thou art not the first, my Friend, said he, that hast become the Sport of Fortune; but be it so a while; the Time shall come, that thou shalt smile, whilst thy Inferiors howl.

Great Minds are situate above the Reach of Fortune, which makes thee gentle midst of thy Calamities, and patiently endure all Turns of Fate. 'Tis true, thy present Garb suits not thy Dignity; without thy Crime, despoiled by Robbers, thou art reduced to it: A like Necessity, though not the same, presents me also clad in homely Manner, whose Back the *Tyrian Purple* best besuits; but Time, the Discloser of all Mysteries, may exhibit those Temples burnished with imperial Diadems, that now neglected, screen in humble Felt.

My Lord and his Companions stood in Admiration at the Gravity wherewith *Sawney* delivered this Speech, or could they imagine who he and his Friend should be; but willing to learn somewhat of their History, he enquired what Country *Sawney* was of? He replied, of *Scotland*, originally, asking the Nobleman the same Question, and receiving a like Answer from him.

You

You must have heard, said *Sawney*, though long before your Time, of that gallant Prince and Warrior, *Robert Bruce*, of glorious Memory. I have, Sir, replied his Lordship, and a great Man he was. I would hope so, said *Sawney*, as my Blood claims but the Advantages transmitted to me from him. Are you then a distant Relative of that great Man? demanded his Lordship. His only Heir, said *Sawney*, and a lineal Descendant from him. How stand my Countrymen affected to his Line? Have quite forgotten such a Man ever lived, answered his Lordship, most of them: But surely, said *Sawney*, when they shall be apprised that I am in Being; for I have my Pedigree by me to a single Birth, Conscience and Honour will prevail, for their acknowledging my Right to the *Scottish* Throne.

Do you purpose to contest it, Sir? said his Lordship. I shall, replied *Sawney*; and if you have an Estate in that Kingdom, I would advise you as a Friend, to espouse my Interest for its Preservation. My Partizans are already numerous, and when once joined by their Head, I shall not skin it over, or sheath the Sword, till Conquest proclaims my Title.

Now Sir, added *Sawney*; as you are so happily fallen into my Presence, and by your Appearance, seem to be a Man of some Consequence; demonstrate but your Inclination to my Service, you shall command my Army; nor shall there live a *Scot* in higher Trust or Office than yourself.

Let me advise your Return to *Edinburgh*; declare my Intentions to my People. If they join us, we shall behave most graciously to them; if not, we denounce Destruction, Famine, Slaughter, Desolation, and the dreadful Ravage of Fire and Sword, through every County that opposes our Will.

You highly honour me, Sir, said the Nobleman, or should you meet a more obsequious Vassal, did not my present most urgent Occasions call me Southward; but if your Affairs will admit of a Delay till my Return, I shall not say how far I would obey you; though as to being your Chief in Office, it is no Ways by me to be expected, whilst that Gentleman (pointing to *David*) seems so capable of honouring such a Post.

You argue most justly, Sir, from Appearances, said *Sawney*; for so indeed it should

should seem to an indifferent Eye; but know, Sir, that Prince hath hitherto been equally unhappy with myself, both in the same Predicament, by Means of indolent Ancestors, who have tamely submitted to be stripped of their Royalties, without a Groan, or the least Regard to their Posterity.

That worthy Gentleman is then a Prince too? said his Lordship. He is, Sir, replied *Sawney*, and that, no less than a lineal Descendant from *Lleweline*, late Prince of *Wales*. Great Pity! truly, replied his Lordship, that so venerable an Head should be thus disjoined from its proper Corps.

Sawney then put the Question to his Lordship, how he would advise him to proceed, as liable to the least Waste of his Subjects Blood, for instating himself in his Dominions; to which he replied, that the best Method he could at present propose would be, writing circular Letters to all the Nobility, appointing a Day for their meeting him at *Edinburgh*, when, in Presence of them all, either himself, or that noble Prince his Companion (pointing to *David*) might proclaim him King, and by that, see how the *Scots* would relish it.

I pre-

I presume, Sir, said *Sawney*, you have not been much versed in the Ceremonials of inaugurating crowned Heads, by proposing it as an Act of my own. I humbly crave Pardon, said his Lordship, I offer this but as an Expedient, in the Absence of those qualified for that high Trust; not but that the Crown, virtually performing all public Acts, though executed actually by its Substitutes, and Ministers depute; if it pleases, may resume its own Commissions, and act absolutely *per se*.

I plainly perceive, said *Sawney*, you are far from the Novice I took you for in the Affairs of Government, and shall rejoice to treat with you for your Advancement; but at present, after the Fatigues I have this Day submitted to, my Bed will prove the greatest Restorative to my wearied Limbs. To-morrow Morning this good Company shall have the Honour of breakfasting with ourself and his Highness.

Having thus said, and taken his Leave of his Lordship, the Waiter advancing with a Couple of Candles, they retired in the same Order of Marching that they at first entered the Room.

His Lordship, the Ladies, and the rest of the Company, were amazed at the
Oddity

Oddity of the two Princes; when his Lordship pronounced Sentence, that they were some Lunaticks, who had broken from their Keepers; and that it was great Pity but they should be confined till their Friends owned them.

Her Ladyship declared it was surprising to her, that a Man who was a Lunatic, should talk so rationally as the tall one did; for that till he began to speak of the Prince, no Man could appear more agreeably conversible.

His Lordship's Chaplain endeavoured to rectify her Ladyship's Judgment in that Particular, by assuring her, there were several Disorders incident to the Brain, as also several Denominations of those Disorders, and likewise several Stages of those Denominations. As first, said he, there is the melancholy Madman, whose Distemper proceeding from a too violent Intension to one gloomy Subject, proves hurtful only to himself; his whole Reflections, like a bilious Stomach, assimilating the most nutritive Aliment.

There is the raving Madman, who not so much from a perverted Reflection, as from the Violence of his Passions, tortures his very Soul for Unattainables.

There

There is also, added he, the Man with the cracked Brain, as he is generally called. He is as mad as the rest; but it is only at such Times, as the Blasts of particular Subjects are puffed into that broken Cranny; for take him upon other Subjects, he argues coolly, deliberately, and in many Respects judiciously; till you cast before him the Object that rubs his Sore, when he becomes another Man, starts from Reason, or is there such a Thing in Nature, as diverting him from his mistaken Premises; from which, were they but true, no Man can produce more clear and demonstrable Deductions; so that he may be said to reason judiciously, beyond Contradiction, from his own Hypothesis; and the very Thing, which, were it well grounded, would discover his Understanding and Capacity, proving wrong, inlists him in the Order of Madmen.

This Gentleman, Madam, added the Parson, I take to be of the latter Class of Men; he wants not Capacity for ordinary Occurrences, grant him but a juster Distinction of his Subjects.

Doctor, said her Ladyship, pray what is your Opinion of the Prince? In what Class shall we place him? I must confess,
 Madam,

Madam, said he, that through the false Medium I this Night beheld him, I have not yet been able to make a true Estimate of his Talents; but his Highness's Taciturnity has given him this Advantage over his Friend, that he may still be a Man of Sense; for aught that I have discovered to the contrary; at least, I may undertake to affirm of him, that he bears an even Mind in all Conditions, than which, nothing could have more contributed to the placid Countenance he wore, under the Heap of Incumbrance he was smothered in.

His Lordship then calling in the Mistress of the House, examined her concerning her Guest; and having gained all the Intelligence that he could from her, which amounted to no more than that they were Strangers to her, they all went to Rest, charging the good Woman, not to let the two Wrongheads breakfast without them.

C H A P IX.

Sawney bespeaks a Set of Robes for David. Is advised to them himself. David in the Drawer's Cloaths. In the Master of G—s's. Sawney gains the Robes. My Lord leaves them.

HIS Lordship's Family travelling with his own Equipage, as their Journey would last so many Days, they made but gentle Stages, for the Ease both of Man and Beast; so that it was nine o'Clock before any of them were stirring for Breakfast.

Sawney, whose Business never wholly quitted his Head, was up early, had sent for an Hedge Taylor, and was discoursing him upon a proper Habiliment for *David*, when his Lordship and his Company first entered upon them; to whom having paid the Compliments of the Time, his Lordship seated himself, to hear what was going forward between them.

Sawney having described the Prince to the Taylor, he replied, that so much the less Cloth would do for him; but where he should procure the Furs and Ermine, he

he was at a vast Loss, being assured that Country would afford none; or was he certain he could shape the Vestment exactly, having never in his Days had the Honour of seeing a Prince in his Robes.

His Lordship, who soon penetrated the Depth of this Argument, was not tedious in giving an accurate Description of the Royal Robe; but poor Stitch, who wrought chiefly by the Eye, could retain little of it. My Landlady's whole Collection of Prints, and Drawings, was now ransacked over, for a Pattern Prince for the Operator to work by; but not a Kingly Habit was to be discovered throughout the whole Mansion; till the Cause growing almost desperate, the Parson, who, since the Beginning of the Transaction, had withdrawn upon some private Affairs to a little Garden behind the House, most opportunely arrived, with a Print of King *Saul* consulting the Witch of *Endor*.

O! the Raptures that sparkled from *Sawney's* Eyes, at Sight of this unexpected Production! He examined it with Abundance of Caution, making the Taylor do the same, pointing out to him the Particulars he must be sure to remark, as he wrought it; but still there was no slight
Ap-

Appearance of the Ermine; for which, and some other material Objections, *Stitch* was within a Second of throwing up the Job; when his Lordship, greatly delighted with the Passage before him, lest the Joke should be wholly lost, took the Taylor aside, and assured him, that Cat or Dog-skin, nay, white Calves-skin, or on Dearth of those, even white Flannel, spotted with black Wool, would answer the Purpose every Whit as well; upon which, his Countenance brightening up, he undertook the Work, and desired to know of whom he was to take measure for it.

David having not yet appeared; for in his Condition, Bed was the quietest Place for him, was immediately sent for to be measured; who, after a small Delay, presented himself (in full Assembly then all collected for Breakfast) clad as on the Evening before, and again set them all to laughing.

The Taylor, who was the best Judge of the Propriety of Garments, stood quite confounded on View of the Figure before him, and enquired if that was the Gentleman he was to take Measure of? And if he had not had some severe Illness, that
had

had shrunk him so? To which *Sawney* replied, he was in great Pain. Was this Coat ever made for him, Sir? said the Taylor. No, no, I tell thee, it is borrowed, replied *Sawney*. And was the Gentleman never cloathed before? said the Taylor.

Go on with thy Business, said *Sawney*, and let's hear no more of thy Impertinence; it is sufficient for thee to make new Cloaths, without scrutinizing how thy Customers come by their old ones.

The Fellow then plucking out his Scissars, and walking round and round *David*, (as he stood like a Post in the Middle of the Room, with my Lord's whole Family laughing at him) at length, scratched his Head, and looking up in *Sawney's* Face, I know not where to begin with him, said he. Hast thou not a Man before thee? demanded *Sawney*; why dost thou not then proceed?

I know not what I have before me, answered the Taylor, not I. We are used to take our Measure from the old Cloaths, and if they fit, we make the new ones so; or we can contract, or enlarge, lengthen, or shorten a Trifle; but here, my only Guide must be the Body itself, if I can find

find it in all this Wrapper. Then seizing *David* hard by the Back, to strain the Coat to his proper Dimensions, he put him to such exquisite Torment, that the poor Creature roared, like the Treble of an Organ unstopped, till the Tears flowed down his Cheeks, as large as Cherry-Stones.

His Lordship having been a Spectator of this Difficulty, begged Leave, at length, to offer his Sentiments; to which *Sawney* listening most attentively: May it please your Majesty, said he, to avoid all further Inconveniency to his Highness, I should propose these Robes to be made for your own Wear, as you are the nearest to your Dominions, and will first have Occasion to use them. It may be Time enough after your own peaceable Settlement, to provide for his Highness, against he enters upon his Government.

This Advice was complied with, as soon as pronounced; and *Sawney* striding up to the Taylor, surrendered his Body to Admeasurement, which Stitch most readily compassed, and then, enquired of what Manufacture and Colour he would please to have them.

A Pause

A Pause ensued for a considerable Space; when *Sawney*, not yet determined, applied to his Lordship for Advice, who assured him, that was the Case of his own, he should make it of *Plad*, preferable to every other Fabric, as it would denote Love for his Country, by approaching them as nearly as he could in Manners, even prior to the least Testimony of their Regard for him.

You have your Orders from our Groom of the Stole, said *Sawney* to the Taylor; let us be thus robed with Expedition. Then turning to his Lordship, My Lord, said he, (for he had heard the others call him so) thrice happy is the Prince who reigns over such Subjects as affect his Intest like yourself. I have appointed you, in present, Groom of my Stole, and from this Day you enter upon your Office in full Pay. I must postpone your Southward Journey. My Kingdom waits your Counsel, as we ourself do; both which must suffer by your Absence.

Doctor, said he to the Parson, you are from this Day my first Chaplain. That young Gentleman (pointing to the Master of *G——s*) be of my Bed-chamber, and *Stitch* our Body Taylor. As for you
Ladies,

Ladies, when my Queen arrives, demand what suits you best ; but his Highness, till other Promotion, must remain my Prime Minister.

Having all paid Obeisance to his Majesty's princely Condescension to them, they then sat down to Breakfast ; when his Lordship, under Favour, craved Leave to add, as a farther Word of Advice to his Highness, that he would exchange that enormous Coat, which by no Means became him, for one of streighter Dimensions, which it should be his Care to procure him ; for as his Lord had now vested him in a Post, it became him to be no less anxious for so good a Friend and Ally, than for his Master himself.

To this his Majesty having graciously condescended, his Lordship, who had put off his Journey for that Day, meerly for the Amusement these odd turned Wretches afforded him and his Lady, stepped out to one of the Waiters, who was less than *David*, and tipping him somewhat for a Suit of his Cloaths, ordered them forthwith for *David*.

His Lordship then ushering *David* up to his Dressing-Room, the Drawer and he dressed him in a white Fustian Frock, and
white

white Linnen Waistcoat; but these being as much too little as the others were too big, his Lordship advised him to let the Coat fly open, and to girt round the Waistcoat with the Waiter's Apron; and thus accoutred, his Lordship introduced him to the Company.

If they had lost him before in my Landlord's Trappings, they had sufficiently found him in those of his Man; for his Arms stood a-strut from his Sides, like his Namesake's on the first of *March*; so that instead of the Release he expected from his former Livery, he had but hampered himself in a more afflicting Durance, which afforded him so little Comfort, that he sighed to himself most bitterly.

Her Ladyship noticing his Distress, could no longer endure to see human Nature under such Perplexity; for she having drank his Health, by Way of Whet before Dinner, and set him a Glass to pledge her in; though he took it into his Hand at Arm's Length, and bowed to the young Lady, he could as soon have removed the House from its Foundation, as have brought it nearer than within a Foot of his own Mouth; but after
 straining

straining for some Time, with his Arm half-crooked, he was obliged to set it down again. The Master of G——s being nearly of *David's* Size and Make, her Ladyship ordered one of her Servants to look out his young Master's scarlet Coat for Mr. *David*; soon after *Sawney* had quitted the House for the Stable, to order a Feed for his Horses.

Well! *David* was mounted again in his Dressing-Room, where having with much ado uncased himself from the Waiter's Suit, the Servant enclosed him in his young Master's, which fitted him tolerably well; but such a smart Figure did *David* cut upon his Return, that he was scarce known even to his own Master, who, upon re-entering the Room, began to compliment him as a Stranger, hoping to have met with another friendly Subject in him.

This again raised a strong Laugh amongst them all, *Sawney* protesting, that at first, he did not in the least recollect him; for *David* was so bedawbed with Lace, that he could scarce stand under the Weight of it.

In these and the like Amusements, jovial as so many Beggars, did his Lordship

ship and Family spend several Days, till the Arrival of *Sawney's* Finery; for his Lordship pleased himself very much with the Thoughts of what State *Sawney* would take upon him in them, and had frequently called in at the Taylor's, to give Directions about them; till on the fourth Morning they arrived, as the whole Possé were collected at Breakfast.

They consisted of a Vest to be first put on, faced from the Neck to the Midleg with white Bays, and spotted with black Wool, as his Lordship had at first projected it; but as it was of Necessity to be tied about his Waist with pendant Tassils, his Lordship had ordered two white Cows Tails to be skinned, and sewed neatly round a proper Stuffing, which tying before, the loose Hairs being perfectly cleaned, made no insignificant Figure.

Over this was a long Robe, bordered with Catskin, and trailing on the Ground for a great Length; and lastly, over all the rest was a Surtout, of exceeding white Lambskin, in the Wool, which tied under the Chin with a Ribband, and reached as low as the Elbow.

Sawney thus habited, was complimented by all the Company; but not conceiving

that his old tied Wig, and broad-brimmed Beaver, would accord to the rest of his Grandeur, Recourse was again had to the Picture, for the Regulation of his Head-dress also ; where no Hair appearing, but only the bare Head in a Sort of Coronet, all had like to have been untwisted, had not her Ladyship, who was a perfect Mistress of her Scissars, started a Thought of converting *Sawney's* old Hat into a Coronet, by whipping off all the Brim, save four Spires at equal Distances, each of which she cut into a Cross at Top, and for the better Appearance of the Thing, covered over with some old Point she had recollected in her Baggage ; then my Lord intimating to him, how unwarlike, and unprecedented, his great Wig would look over his Robes of State, they perswaded him to wear her Ladyship's new-made Ornament, upon his naked Skull.

Stitch had had so much Work, had employed so many Hands, and had brought in so long a Bill, that his Lordship was under no trifling Concern, lest he should prove a Sufferer for their Pastime ; but no sooner was *Sawney* compleatly dressed, and the Taylor had delivered him his Account, than extracting an Handful of Gold,

Sawney

Sawney paid him near seven Pounds, and made him an handsome Donation for his Men to drink his Health.

His Lordship enjoyed himself over *Sawney's* Humour for the Remainder of that Day, but without the least Hint at his Departure; then having entirely cleared the House for them all, and ordered the Packing up *David's* Finery while he slept, he set forwards betimes in the Morning, having first left strict Orders behind him that no one should make mention which Road he took.



C H A P. X.

Sawney and David leave the Inn. Discourse by the Way. David tells his Dream. Sawney interprets it. Cause of Dreams. Arrive at Aukland. Town in an Uproar at Sight of them. Sawney's Speech on the Occasion.

SAWNEY was at a great Default for the so sudden Departure of his Groom of the Stole; but upon Conference with *David*, could resolve it only into his Return to *Scotland*. He was confident his Lordship was hearty in his Interest, therefore must needs be gone before, to give Notice of his Approach, and to prepare the Kingdom for his Reception.

David was so abashed at the Loss of his gay Cloathing, that he gave but little Heed to *Sawney's* Conclusions; for he doubted not but some one of my Lord's Servants had played the Thief for them, and that he should see them no more; however, he had now gotten *Sawney's* Coat on, and was as passive under his Misfortune, as was becoming of a generous Spirit; but tho' he

he was somewhat more shapable about his Body than in my Landlord's Doublet, yet *Sawney* being so much taller than his Man, it might well have passed for Petticoats on him.

They called to pay, intending to pursue his Lordship; but what was their Surprize, at finding no more due from them than for that Day's Breakfast, every Penny whereof, they expected would have been a Pound; for *Sawney* dreamed no less than of treating his new Minister. He gave, however, a Gratuity to the Servants, and called to Horse, first recommending to *David* an Halfpenny Roll which had been left, in Case of Want by the Way.

David, who had experienced the Benefit of a Mouthful in Petto, in his first Day's March, demanded a Supply of Cheese too; but was very near leaving them both behind him, through Inability for reaching his Pocket, which being far below the Stretch of his Arm, the more he stooped after it, it but the more receded from him; till *Sawney* raising his Flap, and spreading it upon the Table, he secured his Provision from further Danger.

Never such a Sight appeared upon the public Road, for certain, as these two Princes

made. *Sawney* rode first in his Robes, the Trail of which behind, played upon the Horse's Fetlocks; whilst himself sat erect, with equal State, as had he been making his Entry through the Streets of *Edinburgh*, amidst the Acclamations of an whole Nation, all his Subjects. Then came *David*, upon the bare Ridge of his Mare, with the Filly squeaking in the Rear.

David never missed his Saddle, till he had sustained such a Loss of Leather, that he was obliged to call an Halt for easing himself; which being, as *David* presumed, in a commodious Place, and now high Noon, they both squatted on the Turf, to regale over the Stores *David* had crammed his Pockets with.

After relating to his Master the raw Situation he found himself in just before his alighting, he wondered, he said, who that Lord was, they had so long accompanied with? I admire at thy Dulness, said *Sawney*; why? Could'st not thou collect from what passed, that he is Lord High Treasurer of *Scotland*.

It is surprising, added *Sawney*, what early Intelligence these People gain of the Designs of Princes! Can'st not thou yet
spy

spy out, that their Journey was undertaken merely to congratulate our Arrival so near their Frontiers, and with a View of informing me of the most amiable Way of proceeding by: Nay, it is most apparent, that his Lordship took this Rout for the Sake of paying his early Court to me, by his returning so suddenly, after he had effectually performed it; nor doubt I his meeting us upon the Borders, with a Body of Forces sufficient for escorting us to our Capital.

David expressed the high Notions he had of his Master's Penetration; but could not conceive from whence his Lordship had gained Knowledge of their Purpose.

I'll tell thee, *David*, replied *Sawney*; but first will demand a Question of thee. Hast thou never dreamed? I have, said *David*. And hast thou never observed that to happen in real Life, which was first formed in thy sleeping Imagination? said *Sawney*. I have, added *David*. Nay, I dreamed, the very first Night of our Travel, while I slept in the Wood, how that we were joined in Battle with the Enemy, and that you Sir, rushing amongst their thickest Squadrons, had cut off your Competitor's Head; which mounted on

the Point of your Sword, you delivered to me as your General; at the same Time, inviting all the scattered Troops to shelter under your Banner. Methought they did so, and marched with you towards *Sterling*, where I had certainly borne witness to your Coronation, but for the confounded Huzza's of the Troops, which made such a Rattle through my Brains, that they awakened me.

Remark that, *David!* said *Sawney*; what means the cutting off my Opponent's Head, but utterly extirpating the Faction, Root and Branch? Thy Dream delights me, *David*; and now thou shalt understand how thou camest to dream it.

How I came to dream it? retorted *David*. Why? I fell asleep, and that came into my dosing Fancy. I dreamed it, as a Man may say, one cannot dream either what one will, or when one will. No, I slept and dreamed so.

Thou divest not into the mysterious Workings of a Dream yet, I perceive, replied *Sawney*; then I'll inform thee of it, and why thou dreamed'st so. You are to know, *David*, a wakeful Man imbibes Impression, from the several external Objects that either present immediately to his View,

View, or which his Imagination, upon Reflection, or Comparison of one Thing with another, by a Chain of Thought, represents to him. Thus far of the wakeful Man.

Now Sleep is called the Image of Death, and justly so; for then the Body participates not with the Mind, in its Guidance to the Object, or to the Reflection upon that Object; but being wholly quiescent and passive, the Mind is at Leisure to pursue her own Courses; all the intellectual Faculties also being under a State of Inactivity, till set in Motion by spiritual Objects, whose Impressions may now be infused, without the Intervention of the Body.

Thou hast heard of spiritual and aerial Beings, I doubt not, added *Sawney*; who consisting wholly of Intellect, can pry into Futurities, with the same Facility as we can behold distant Objects, and can, from the very Complexions of Mankind, descry their future Actions; they can, from the Book of Fate, read you an History of Facts to come, in the same Manner as we do of past Transactions; and that every Whit as genuine. They foresee the Rise and Fall of Empires, long before

the Events happen, or the Birth of the Parties, who either gain or lose them. In short, *David*, they consisting, as I said before, simply of Intellect, are a direct Magazine of Intelligence.

Now where those spiritual Beings incline, for the Sake of Justice (or such other Motives as we can no Ways account for, but to themselves best known) to inform a Man of future Contingencies, they take him napping; then perching upon his Shoulder, hold Communication, thro' the Organ of the Ear, with his inward Spirit, then prepared for the Impulse; and this they inject in so forcible and lively a Manner, that he actually imagines himself, at that Instant, transacting the Scene, which is Years after to succeed and that, as pertinently, as if he was then really concerned in it.

David was very thankful for the Hint, and rejoiced, to imagine that the Spirits interested themselves so much in their Affairs; for, said he, should this same Spirit who has infused this Hope into us, have tipped the Reverse to your Competitor, were I he, I should retreat before the Battle, and not endanger my
Head

Head in a Scuffle, where I was sure to come off with the Loss of it.

Thou arguest still like an Animal cloathed in Flesh, *David*, added *Sawney*; for these Things are determined by a Sort of Fatality, nor are you to imagine, the Patients can any Ways avoid the Rod that lies in Pickle for them: That would put them upon counter-acting the Decrees of Fate, which were impossible; as when Tyrants suffer by the Hands they have oppressed, in Prosecution of their natural Rights, you are not to imagine those capable of avoiding the Stroke. No, it is even said, that their Stars, that is, their Spirits, fight against them; so that I much question whether my Adversary will be let into the Secret at all, for Fear of his kicking against the Briars.

This Doctrine, though somewhat novel to *David*, was nevertheless salutary; for having a Spirit at his Devotion, what less could it forebode, than Success to his future Enterprizes!

Having concluded their Discourse with their Bread and Cheese, they rode on to *Aukland*, where *Sawney* had promised to purchase *David* a Saddle; for, poor Man, when he dismounted there, he was scarce
able

able to stand, he had so bruised both his Thighs, by shifting from one to the other, in Aid of the intermediate Sore.

It happened to be Market-Day, or was it over when they arrived; but such a Running, Confusion, and Uproar did their Entry occasion, as had scarce been seen in those Parts before; for all the Way they paraded it through the Town, not a Soul was left behind, all flocking after them to their Inn; nor dispersed the Assembly upon their alighting; but the Yards, and Road before the Inn, was thronged by Men, Women, and Children, to learn who they were, and what had brought them thither.

It was with much ado that *David* hobbled into the House after his Master; when neither of them having drank since their Dinner, they called for a Mug of Ale; but *Sawney* observing the Multitude, (all of whom he had applied to his own Emolument) not to be dispersed yet, he bespoke *David* in the following Manner.

My true and faithful Friend and Ally, how does it rejoice me to see so many good Subjects upon their March, even into an Enemy's Country, to congratulate my Arrival hither. Let us therefore make
our

our Advantage of their Zeal, by allotting them to proper Corps, for composing a regular Army. Let us examine into each Man's Capacity for Office, appoint our Commanders in chief, with their subordinate Officers, from the Nobility and principal Gentry amongst them, and then enroll the Remainder into regular Forces, both of Horse and Foot.

Let it be your Post to harangue this People, from some Eminence; where you may be most conspicuous. Inform them of our Affection, and the just Sense we have of their Loyalty to us. Assure them of our Protection, together with our Readiness to receive them into our Service: Let them know, that if any of them have heretofore bore Rank in our *Scottish* Troops they shall under us meet equal Preferment, upon laying their Pretensions before us. Urge our Regard for Merit, and invite such as are qualified for distinguished Commissions, to present themselves forthwith to receive them; and proclaim to the Populace the Provision they shall receive in our Service; and that as their Duty has enjoined their Submission to us, prior to the rest of their Countrymen, upon our Royal Word, not a Soul of them whose Merit shall

shall be any Ways remarkable, shall pass unrewarded by us.

This Duty, *David*, added he, we commend to you, as our Minion and Favourite; or shall your Declaration, when finished, fail of our Royal Confirmation.

David, who had never less Heart for Speech-making than at present, having wriggled about under an Excess of Pain from his Posteriors, whilst *Sawney* had been instructing him in the Generals of the Oration he was to make, declared his Inequality to the Task enjoined; for that in his present Condition, he could neither stand to perform it, or enter into the true Spirit of the Thing; for which Reason, whatever he could urge, could but partially influence his Auditors; nor in Reality, could he then engage in it at all; wherefore, he begged to refer the Honour of attracting the Hearts of the People to his Majesty, to whom that Post more properly belonged.

Sawney would have been glad of *David*'s Ability for the Execution of this Commission; but as that was not to be expected, he rather chose to be his own Trumpeter, than that such a noble Occasion of displaying his Affection for them, should but for a Moment be pre-
 terminated.

termitted. Ascending therefore to an upper Room, which had a Bow Window in it, from whence he could not only be best seen, but heard by them, he began, as he had before hinted to *David*; enjoining them, as they paid the least Regard to their ancient Kings, and to him the Descendant from their Loins, that they would without Fail attend him on the Morrow, to make out their Claims to his Favour; then making a low Bow, he retreated.

The Murmur was so general through the whole Crowd, whilst *Sawney* was delivering himself to them, that scarce any Auditor caught more than a single Word now and then; so that the Sense of the Whole was by no Means to be connected; but in the general, hearing him talk of Kings, and Queens, they could conceive no other-wise, than that either some Droll, or Puppet-show, was to be exhibited there the next Day; so that at the Conclusion of the Speech, they sat up three distinct Huzza's, and retired; after which, *David* and his Master having eaten their Supper, went to Rest, under the Satisfaction of having made a fair proceeding that Day.

C H A P. XI.

Sawney's Reflections. Prepare for an Engagement. David's Mare flies, and Sawney after her. Narrow Escape. Miss their Way. Arrive at Apperly. Sent to the House of Correction.

BOTH Master and Man having waited the best Part of the following Day, for the Reception of such as should offer for Commissions, without the least Effect, no Soul appearing; began to be inquisitive what had become of the Populace, who had attended them to the Inn.

The Landlord assuring them that they were retired to their several Occupations; *Sawney*, who (as the Alchymist can from baser Metals extract Gold) could turn every Disappointment to his Advantage, assured *David*, that he had now unriddled the Mystery; for, added he, the Lord who left us Yesterday, had ordered out these Troops to follow him, for Fear of any Danger to our Person by the Way; these having now satisfied themselves of
our

our Safety, are returned to scour the Country before us, and prevent the Enemy's retarding our March.

David! David! added he, thy Illness over perplexed me, or I had reduced that great Body into Companies, Regiments, and Battallions; for believe me, no Stroke is so effectual, as whilst the Iron is glowing; but I have bought my Experience, though the Price is too extravagant; for had I retained them with me, I had by this Time gained the Heart of every single Member of them; but take Courage my Friend! We shall still meet them nearer Home; for the Inclination tending to our Service, will not long fail of Means for exerting itself.

They sat out again next Day for *New-begin*, or fell there out any Thing to retard their March, till they were advanced within two Miles of it; when hearing a Firing of Guns to their Left, and that in no small Number; *Sawney* made a Halt, for Reflection, what could be the Occasion of it. *David!* said he, (the Fire continuing) now have we need for summoning our whole Valour to our Aid. Thou hearest that Firing, the Battle is already joined, and our Friends having
met

met some Parties of our Enemies, may this Moment stand in need of our Assistance. Come on my Friend! where Honour, and thy Sovereign leads thee. Methinks, I glow with Ardour for the Engagement. Come on, I say, and let us behave worthy of the illustrious Blood that boils us up to this Fury.

Having thus said, he clapped Spurs to *Slouch*, who cocking both Ends, galloped on most furiously. In less than a Mile's Riding, they beheld the Field of Battle; for the Lieutenancy of the County having ordered out the trained Bands upon a Muster, these, besides a numerous Train of Spectators, were all collected there, drawn up fronting each other.

No sooner had *Sawney* fixed his Eyes upon them, than raising himself in his Stirrups, and launching out his Hands each Way, to see that all was disincumbered, away he trotted to the Spot of Action; *David* being close at his Heels, each with his Sword in Hand ready drawn.

Sawney, whose Mind was wholly bent upon discovering his Competitor, that he might verify *David's* Dream, rode furiously into the Space, between the armed,
and

and unarmed Men ; where he was about to have demanded their Chief to single Combat, for the final Decision of their Pretensions ; at which Instant, a Platoon firing, the Report so terrified the Colt, that it ran as if the Devil had drove it. A Lurcher in the Company espying her, set out after her full Speed ; when the Mare grown masterless, followed them, at her top Rate. This giving *Slouch* Notice, that if he exerted not himself, he would be distanced ; away he went, spite of every Effort of *Sawney*, between Gallop and Trot, so shockingly, that neither the Strength or Art of his Master could restrain him ; so that but few Minutes had passed, before they not only lost all Sight of the Enemy, but the Enemy of them ; and whether they might all have fled to is uncertain, had not a River put a Stop to their Career.

The Colt being so hard pressed by the Lurcher, rather than submit to a Salute from him, took the Water, and swam over ; when the Dog, having had full enough of the Chace, stopped short, and returned ; but the Mare, not to be withheld from following her Nursery, plunged into the Stream after her, which put poor *David*

vid into more bodily Peril than he had ever sustained before; for much ado he had, with both Hands grappling the Mane, to preserve himself from sliding off her Tail, as she clambered up the opposite Bank; but did secure himself, till he was safe landed; when the Colt perceiving herself free from her Pursuer, turned about whynnying, to congratulate her Mother and *David* upon their safe Passage.

Happy it was for *Sawney*, first, that his Beast was not so nimble of Heel as the Mare; and again, that the Course held no longer, or he had as certainly been foused as *David* was; for *Slouch* would have been up with them, run they wherever they would; but all being quiet when he came up, and only the River parting them, the Master on this Side, and the Man on that, continued their March, till they should discover either Ford or Bridge, where they might rejoin Companies.

It is a very notable Remark, that not the greatest Heroes are exempted from Ill-luck; for had our Champions taken their Ride up the Stream, they had come to a Bridge, which had set them full in the Way to *Greencroft*, where they might have refreshed themselves after their Fatigue;

tigue; but following the Course of the River, they met not till dark Night, and then in a wild Country, destitute of Shelter and Inhabitants.

Surely! Greatness of Soul must excel either Riches or Honours; that, ever enjoying what these can never procure; for notwithstanding both Master and Man were disappointed of every comfortable Hope for that Night; yet the imaginary Fortitude they were endued with, bore them courageously through those Evils, the very Thoughts of which, would have depressed the Spirits of other Men to Despair.

They reposed themselves at the Foot of a very high Hill; but were cautious of letting their Cattle graze at large, lest they should subject themselves to as disagreeable a Search as before; but sometimes one, then the other, led them gently, whilst they picked up such short Commons as the Place would afford them; and this was their Exercise, alternately, till Morning; when not an hundred Paces to their Right, they espied a Cottage, under the Shelter of the same Hill they had rested at.

They mounted their Steeds, and made up to it, when, upon Enquiry, they gained
a Di-

a Direction to *Apperly*. Here they again became the gazing Stocks of the Plebeians, and were followed about by them, in Manner as at *Aukland*; but *Sawney* having made them much the same Speech too, it was not so quietly received by these; for it occasioned so much Speculation, that some wiser Heads than the rest, clubbing their Brains together, informed against them as Traitors, enlisting Men for a Rebellion, and exciting the Country to Arms; and having provided themselves with a Peace-Officer, secured both Man and Master, and conveyed them before a Magistrate.

David was somewhat disconcerted at this Treatment; but *Sawney* moved on with the Resolution of a Philosopher, being well assured, he said, that his Ancestors, had they not undergone greater Difficulties, had never climbed up to the Throne.

The Justice having previously heard the Occasion of their Apprehension, without receiving further Evidence of the Facts alledged against them, demanded, why they had taken upon them to enlist Men? What Service they were designed for? and against whom?

Sawney,

Sawney, with his Robes flowing, and intrepid Firmness of Mind, replied, that he was collecting Forces, to make an Inroad to his own Dominions. Are you then a King? said his Worship. By Birth-right, and Title, replied *Sawney*, I am; but my Inheritance, through the Remissness of my Ancestors, hath been too long withheld from me. And pray, who is that Person in the long Coat there? said his Worship.

That unhappy Prince, said *Sawney*, who now runs my Fate, had he but his Due, ought to appear in another Manner than at present; but Ill-luck hath triumphed over him, and reduced him as you see.

Now Sir, added he, if you have the least Regard for injured Majesty, contribute your Aid to my Restoration, which his, of Course succeeds to; for the whole Power of my Dominions shall be employed to that End.

May I enquire where your Dominions lie? said his Worship. *Scotland* is my Realm, replied *Sawney*; my Emissaries are now on the Spur, to procure my Recognition,

You

You must give me Leave, said his Worship, who bear my King's Commission, to secure both yourself and the other Person your Companion, till you can give some better Account of yourselves. You know, I presume, that it is Treason to levy War in these Dominions.

You mistake me, Sir, said Sawney, my Intent is not to levy War here; but as my Passage lies through your Master's to my own Territories, I would only apply myself to my own Countrymen, to follow me their Lord. I seek no Aid from Foreigners; my Name will raise the Scots, to a Man, for my Service: But know you not, said his Worship, that my Master is King of Scotland? I know no other, replied Sawney, than *Alexander Bruce*, descended from *Robert Bruce*, the Son of *Edward Bruce*, who was the Son of *David Bruce*, and married the Daughter of *John Bruce*, who was.—I enquire not into your Pedigree, said the Magistrate; for though *Scotland* had once a *Bruce* for its Lord, those Times are changed, those Families changed, and almost forgotten there. This must needs be a stale Claim, to have been so long obsolete.

Sawney

Sawney still insisting upon his Pedigree, his Worship told him, that either he must relinquish all Claim to *Scotland*, or he must lay him fast by the Heels in *England*; for no Competitor would be admitted to that Crown; but *Sawney* no Ways to be driven from his Hold, and submitting rather to become Prisoner of War, than to abandon his lawful Claim, his Worship judging him to be clearly beside his Senses, sent him to the House of Correction, together with the Prince, whose Dominions he thought not worth his while to look after.



C H A P. XII.

*Sawney is brought before the Sessions. Known.
Sent Home. Deceive their Keepers. Fly.
Exchange Cloaths with a Tinker and Trull.
Quarrel between Harry and Moll.*

SAWNEY, far from being overcome by his Calamity, preserved the State of Majesty, under the Severity of his Restraint; nor contributed he a little towards keeping up the Spirits of *David*, by daily Infusions of an Opinion, of what was transacting in *Scotland*, relative to their Release; but after about a Month's Confinement, there being a Sessions of the Justices, and no small Stir happening in carrying up several disorderly Persons to be examined, *Sawney* then looked upon his Deliverance as at Hand, and that the *Scots* were arriving to his Succour.

Amongst the rest, the two Princes were brought before their Worships to be examined, either for their further Confinement or Discharge; when *Sawney*, ever true to his Principles, had certainly merited the former, had not one of the Magistrates, enquiring into his late Abode, dif-

discovered him to have been heretofore his near Neighbour; though under his then Disguise, unrecollected by him.

He informed his Brethren of the Inoffensiveness of the Man; and gave him such an extraordinary Character, that far from retaining an Opinion of his Delinquency, understanding him to be a Man of Fortune, they projected Means for restoring him again to his Family; so that hiring a Coach for the Purpose, they sent him and *David* Homewards, under an Escort of two Men by the Sides of the Coach, one upon *Slouch*, and the other upon the Mare.

Sawney conceiving no less, than that he was now a State Prisoner, and should be conducted before the King of *England*; at about high Noon, desired to bait, for the Refreshment of themselves and the Cattle; when ordering a good Dinner, a Bowl of Punch, and Liquor in Plenty, he so fed and drank all his Companions, that they began to be pure mellow: But *David* being somewhat disconsolate at the Fate he foresaw would attend him, having fixed his Destiny on Decapitation, had drank but very sparingly.

The Fellows, for *Sawney* obliged them all to dine with him, were beginning to think of moving; when *Sawney* perceiving they were not yet wrought up fully to the Pitch he expected, called out for one Bowl more, and then he would be going, and that he persisted on having in.

Very few People are there who love Drinking, but still think they can carry off a little more; so that *Sawney* met with but small Difficulty in perswading them to push about the Glass; and the Bowl still smiling towards its Brim, he recommended Bumpers, as the best Expedient for lowering it.

Sawney still saved himself all that was possible, though obliged to drink more than was agreeable to him; till fearing, if he persevered, he should render his own Scheme useless, he pretended to have dropped asleep, and imitated Snoring.

He observed his Companions pure merrery for some Time, till beginning to deliver themselves very sententiously, and with great Deliberation; and then proceeding to the most intimate Affection for each other, they one by one growing silent, he perceived they were all napping; when tipping *David* the Wink, and a Beckon to follow

follow him, they stole gently out of the Room, paid the Reckoning, and then mounting their Steeds, galloped off; being past Fear of Hue and Cry from their Guard, before these had recovered their Senses again.

They struck off to the Right towards *Haggerleigh*, and put in at dark Night, about seven Miles beyond it, at a lone House, kept by a poor Woman and her three Daughters; but this severe Day's Travel had knocked up the Filly, so that they never saw more of her again, tired both the Beasts, and sorely fatigued their Riders; infomuch, that being far more weary than hungry, they could never have more suitably adapted an Habitation to their Circumstances, than the present, wherein there was not the least Mouthful to eat.

Drink they both could, and did (the Punch having occasioned them Drought enough) of which having taken their Fill, they desired to be shewn into their Lodging-Room; but, to their no small Mortification, were too soon apprized, that the good Woman had but one Bed for Customers, which was already taken by

the Gentleman and his Wife, then sitting in the Chimney-corner by them.

The Tinker (for such he proved to be) seeing *Sawney* so fine, had the good Manners to offer him the Bed, whilst his Wife, as he called her, and himself, would occupy some Peas Haulm, which lay at another Corner of the Room.

Sawney confessed the Obligation, then plying the Tinker and Madam well with Ale, he left them, and retired to Bed.

The two Potentates Heads had not been long laid, before they gave Notice of their Employment, by snoaring; then the Tinker and Trull taking Leave of the Housewife, retired also; but on Sight of such a Power of good Things as the Floor was bestrewed with, (for there was neither Chair, Stool, or Table in the Room) and all within their Reach too; Madam (Womens Heads ever running after Finery) whispered the Tinker, what a charming snug Gown *Sawney's* Plaid would make her, or could she forbear fingering it, and noting its Dimensions. True! said the Tinker, it would so, *Moll*; I wish thou hadst it. And there's that little Fellow's Cloaths would suit me, ten to one better than himself, too.—They'd make one a
good

good *Sunday Suit* as could be.— They'd fit you, said she, to an Hair. Prithee try them on *Harry*.

Harry complied, and on they went; when having buttoned them, and covered his Locks with *David's Hat*: Well! *Harry*, said *Moll*, I protest I should never have known you!— Why *Harry*! You look perfectly handsome; than clapping her Hands round his Neck, who that should see us could say, that I am kissing a Tinker, said she.

Harry perceiving *Moll* to be so delighted with him, swore she should put on the Plaid and Breeches; but *Mary*, though she longed to be dabbling, started several Scruples; as of the Gentlemens awaking, and how she should behave, and I know not what; till *Harry* having again sworn he would once in his Life see how she looked in good Things, *Molly* consented, and on went the Breeches; then d'offing her own Linsay-woolsey, she stepped into *Sawney's* Robes, and *Harry* was to declare how they became her; there being nothing like a Glass in the Room.

Harry, on Sight of *Moll* thus ornamented, vowed that he perfectly adored her; and was but her Hair curled, he

said, like some of the fine Ladies he had seen, she might really pass for an Angel.

This being the first Time *Moll* had ever received like Compliments from Mankind, she became loth to strip off those Feathers, which had rendered her so charming in *Harry's* Eye; and as the Gentlemen both slept so sound, she said, she could find in her Heart to sit so all Night, to admire *Harry*, and be admired by him; so that neither of them chusing a Reduction to *Stata quo*, they, by Consent, whispered a Chat together of some Hours; *Moll* observing, that *Harry* had never cast such a waggish Leer at her since she had been his Mistress before.

Well! They began to think of composing themselves for a little Rest too, and were up an End for molting their Finery; when *Moll* had a Mind to see, she said, how *Harry* would look in those Cloaths, with his Budget on; so slipping it over his Head, (even unwittingly, and from the Impulse of meer Custom, as Butchers crack their Shank-Bones) *Brafs to mend*, said he, so loud, as to put them both upon their best Recollection, into such a

Panic;

Panic, that they trembled every Joint of them.

The Tinker's Cry having reached *Sawney's* Head, what Ideas it had roused up there, I cannot say; but starting up in his Bed, with Eyes staring ghastfully, I demand Reparation. I'll have your Blood, said he. *Fire David! Fire!*

The Tinker and *Moll* had heard enough to put them both under the utmost bodily Peril, when blowing out the Candle, they stolen down Stairs for their Lives; where having groped out the Door, they fled, with the fleetest Precipitation, taking every Bush they saw for a Centinel, placed there for their Detection; or ventured they once to look behind them, till they had left our despoiled Nobles full many a Mile in their Rearward.

Oh! the Anxiety some People create themselves, for the Want of what, at this Time, poor *Harry* and *Moll* were oppressed with! How many Brains are racked till they fly, but to compass gay Apparel! Nay, a few Spots, a Darn, or a Rent in the Garment, oft incapacitates the Wearer from every presenting Joy.

Just the Reverse now proved poor *Harry's* Torment, and that of the Lady his Help-mate. Good Cloaths, said *Harry*, not unfrequently help a Man to a good Dinner; but if we cannot some how procure our old ones again, we must starve for aught that I see. I durst no more cry my Trade through the Country, or stop to repair a Kettle in this Dress, than I dare be hanged; nay, in Fact, they are equally the same Thing; for who but would take us up for Robbers, that should see us in these Garbs; and then we should swing for a Frolick.

Thou art much in the right on't, *Harry*, said *Moll*; for I would not be noticed in this long trapesing Thing for the World, not I: Nay, though we should go back and return them, declaring we did it but in Sport, as no Doubt but by this Time Search is making after us; so should we be detected, let our Designs be ever so honest, not a Creature would believe us; we should be seized and committed; or would I give a single Tester, for no better a Life than either of ours would be.

It was your damned Stupidity, said *Harry*, that first prevailed on me to dress thus.— I can't think how I came to be
Fool

Fool enough to comply with you.—Me thinks, said *Moll*, you, who are so much my Superior in Sense, as you take yourself for, should not have been perswaded by me; at least, should not have biaſſed me to do the like, and now you have drawn me into the Halter with you, lay all the Blame at my Door.

It will be needless, in the Course of my Narrative, to expreſs the Particulars of of thoſe ironical Phraſes, wherewith *Harry* and *Moll* interchangeably ſcourged each other; let it therefore ſuffice to ſay, that *Moll's* Tongue, running rather too glibly for *Harry's* Honour, provoked him to reach her a ſly Knock on the Jaws; which her high Mettle returning with Uſury, to it they went, ding dong, till they were both heartily maimed in the Scuffle; for *Moll* having ſeized the Knapsack, and diſengaged it from *Harry's* Shoulders, ſhe laid about her ſo furiously, that what with the Hammers, old Braſs, and Nails it was ſtuffed with, ſhe had beaten poor *Hall* almoſt to a Jelly; nor had herſelf eſcaped without a bloody Noſe, and a Pair of black Eyes, by the Bargain.

Thus having proceeded as far as their Strengths and Rancour would permit, it

was

was high Time to be Friends again; for the Fault of Mankind in general is, that they quarrel and fight before they reason; now, could they begin at the other End, few Words would ever come to Blows; but *Harry* and *Moll* acting but like their Betters in the Contest, like them also, at length concluded a Truce, for enquiring into the Cause of the Battle; which Truce, not long after terminating in a Kiss of Peace, both heartily regretted each other's Damage, and closed in a more friendly Manner than ever.

How it fared with them afterwards, we have no remaining Traces; but *Harry* had absolutely declared against all future Converse with Mankind, till he should be some how or other habited Tinker like again.



C H A P. XIII.

Perplexed at the Loss of their Cloaths. Discourse with their Landlady. Dress in the Tinker's and Trull's Cloaths. Great Misfortune to David. Manner of fitting David to his Horse. Sawney in great Fear for David.

SCARCE had the ruddy Streamers of the Morn given Sawney Notice of approaching Day, which long his tremulous Heart had been watching for, before shouldering *David*, he had recalled his floating Spirits to their Posts, and satisfied him, that it was high Time they were moving; by giving it as his Opinion they should be pursued. And as he need not lay before him the Hazard they would run upon a Surprise, (not only from the Heinousness of their Offence itself, but from their having broken Jail too, which instead of fifty Witnesses would add to their Condemnation) he desired him to be expeditious, that by speedy Flight, avoiding the *English* Coast, they might once get safe Footing in *Scotland*.

David,

David, whose sound Repose had greatly refreshed him, starting from his Flocks, declared himself of corresponding Sentiments; then tossing off the Bed-cloaths, he threw himself upright on the Floor in his Shirt, on one Side of the Bed, as his Master had just done on the other; both loudly yawning and stretching up their Arms to the Thatch, as thence to recall their straggling Senses; after which they looked out for their Cloaths to dress them.

Pray Sir, said *David*, hand over my Coat and Breeches? I have them not, replied *Sawney*; but thou hast mine on thy Side. Not I, by my Troth, quoth *David*, or have I ought else but the Tinker's old Coat, and his Wife's Petticoats. Are they stirring yet? demanded *Sawney*. And gone too, Master, added *David*. Here lies the Haulm, but no Tinker on it.

Imagining they might have mistaken in the Dark, (for if they had been up any Time, he was sure they they could not have seen their Hands) and have shifted Cloaths unawares; *Sawney* conceived no less, than that they were taking a Pot below, till they should hear him stirring;

so that calling out for his Landlady, but no one answering, he stamped with his Heels, and made otherwise such a Noise, as was the living she could not chuse but hear.

Having at length roused her and her Daughters, he enquired after the Tinker; but he was not to be found. *Sawney* cried out he had been robbed, and stormed about in his Shirt and Jack-boots, like an Hero; but *David*, who rather chose to play a sure Game, had crept to Bed again, to screen himself from the Chill of the Morning.

The House was searched, the Tinker and Trull were called, but not a Trace of either was to be found. The good Woman and her Daughters were sorry, they said, but it had happened whilst they slept, or could they any Ways answer for it.

Sawney had, by the special Designation of Fate, found his Breeches under his Pillow, which was no slender Comfort to them; for had these, or their Furniture been missing, both Princes had still been in a more lamentable Condition.

Sawney had now been above an Hour in his Shirt, demonstrating to *David*, by what several Means it was possible the
Things

Things should be lost; and again, by what probable Turn they might chance to be recovered: When the good Woman of the House returned to condole with them upon the Accident, and enquire whether they would please to have any Breakfast? For that her Daughter was going to *Walsingham*, and should bring in whatever they would want.

What must we do for our Cloaths? said *Sawney*. She replied, she was sorry for the Accident; but as the Tinker had left his, it would be better to incase himself in them, than to run the Hazard of Cold, by remaining so long in his Shirt only; then taking up the Tinker's Habit by the Collar, she prevailed for his wearing it.

Though *Sawney* submitted with Reluctance, yet these or none were the Case. Then having surveyed himself fore and aft, though the Externals made but a mean Appearance, he could not, after a while say, he was less warm in them than in his own.

The Woman then asking *David* if he would not please to rise? Hath the Tinker left ever a Suit for me too? said he. She replied, that his Wife had; giving it as her Advice,

Advice, it would be better wearing them than keeping his Bed.

What was to be done in this Case! A Covering was to be had at any Rate, and she told him, that a Woman was no such despicable Creature, that he need dread being mistaken for one.

David arose, but had the Investiture of his Principality depended upon his investing himself in *Moll's* Apparel, he must have lost the Prize; for so many Rents and Slits had *Moll's* Petticoats and Gown in them (for all was of a Piece) and consisted of so many different Manufactures, that from his own natural Genius, he could never have found the right Way into them.

This the Woman observing, and also the Loss he was at, she turned them about and about, till at length she had reduced them to wearable Order; and then clapping them over his Head, she girted them round with a Whipcord, and *David* was ready to see Company; but as *Moll* had not left her Head Gear behind her, *David* was obliged to the Tinker's cropped Hat, and followed his Master to the Kitchen.

It was some Time before the Girl returned with her Marketing; but when she did,

did, with one or two Companions, it was much more than my Dame's Dwelling had ever been graced with at any one Time before; for the Landlady imagining the Gentlemen would be Wind-bound, till they could provide themselves with Conveniences for a Remove, she had laid in not only a Stock for within Doors, but for the Cattle also, to whom a strict Fast had been enjoined for the preceding Night.

Sawney hankered strangely after his Departure; but *David* made such an amphibious Appearance, that as his Body must necessarily be womanish, he could not rest till his Head was so too; and then, if Occasion was, he could cut the Tinker's flap Hat into a little Form, and wear that over his Night-cloaths: Observing *David* to be so distressed, by the next Morning, one of the Daughters, compassionating his Uneasiness, had, from a few odd Pieces she had by her, made him a Mob, as she called it, and taught him how to put it on; which proved a great Relief to him.

This Delay, in a Place where scarce a single Soul was to be gained for the Service of his Wars, made *Sawney* very impatient;

so that on the third Morning, he resolved to set forwards at all Events; but then the Difficulty was, (which had not before been thought of) how *David* was to ride his Mare, in Women's Cloaths, upon a Man's Saddle; for having first mounted astride, *Moll's* Petticoats (she not using an Hoop) were so scanty, and the Stretch of his Legs so wide asunder, to compass his broad-backed Mare, that before his Breech reached the Saddle, they were slid up round his Middle.

The Girls, who were all present at setting him out, were so ashamed, that blushing, they all fled to the House again, ready to die with Laughing; but the more *David* struggled, the worse was his Condition; till he was obliged to alight again, and to mount the Woman's Way: And now all seemed to go on very smoothly; for while he sat with his Legs together, and his Coats under him, he hoped to have a tolerable Ride of it; but when a Man hugs himself in promised Success, for the most Part, some Disappointment follows: For the Mare, while she stood still, sustained him to a Miracle, his Face being placed at right Angles with her Neck; but *Sawney's* Horse neighing behind

hind her, as he was taking Leave of his Landlady, and the Mare facing short about to the Left, dropped *David* off backward, with his Petticoats over his Head, and his Posteriors as fairly exposed as he first came into the World.

The Laugh was now too strong to admit of the least Help from the junior Part of the Family ; for though he had bruised his Shoulder most intolerably, and lay wholly helpless on the Ground ; had not my Dame herself been at Hand, to have raised him up on his Seat, there he might have lain till this Time ; but she, stroaking down his Cloaths, ran streight for cold Water to revive him.

This Accident deferred their further Thoughts of travelling for that Day ; *Sawney* being obliged to dismount, and lend an Hand for conveying the wounded *David* into the House again ; and indeed, had the Damage his Shoulder suffered but befallen his Neck, it might have spoilt his further Hunt after Principalities ; though as it was, what with the Disgrace he had undergone, and the Pain he had endured, he was almost reduced to proper Reflections upon his Wildgoose Projects, and

and began to wish himself at Home again.

What Promises will not a sinking Mariner make for the Procurement of Safety! And with what Unconcern will he elude them all, when his End is answered! So, though *David's* Thoughts had tended to Home, and a Dismission of his ridiculous Schemes, whilst the Anguish still tingled in his Flesh and Joints; yet a good Night's Rest having dissipated his Sorrow, Home became the last Thing he regarded, and how to ride to *Scotland* with his Master, occupied his whole Concern.

The Dilemma *David* was under as to his riding in Safety, might have engrossed his Care till now, had not *Sawney's* pregnant Genius helped him out at the dead Lift. He proposed ripping up his Petticoats, both behind and before, till they would just bear upon the Saddle, both Ways; and then, the hanging Sides would cover his Boots most commodiously; which Method being approved without Controversy, *David* was the next Day mounted again, for Experiment Sake; when his Master and my Dame, one behind, and the other before, cut away, till it answered the Purpose to an Hair; but the

the Girls all declined having any Hand in it, for Fear of hurting Mr. *David*.

The Man being thus fitted to his Horse, the Journey was postponed till next Morning; but it proving a fine Evening, save that the Wind was somewhat brisk upon the Hills, and *Sawney* shewing an Inclination for walking, he invited the Girls to partake of the Beauties of the Evening with them. Two of them complied, for the Sake of naming the Places they should see to the Gentlemen; but the eldest tarried at Home to assist her Mother, in preparing their Suppers against their Return; for *Sawney* having the Title in his Head, his Heart and Hand were as open as an Emperor's.

All went on passing well, till they came to the higher Grounds; when *Moll's* Petticoats having been sewed inseparably together, by applying the whole Parts of one to the Rags of the other, so as to prevent a thorough Passage, they moved this Way, and that, with the Wind, like an Outside and Lining both together; but the Wind lying in their Backs, would frequently blow the hinder Slit so wide, as to discover to those whose Lot it was to follow

follow him, what Art generally bestows no small Pains to conceal.

David was but too well apprized of this Inconvenience, by the sudden rude Gusts which occasionally intruded to his bare Skin; but was at a Loss for a Remedy, till *Hannab*, one of the Girls, perceiving his Distress, ministred a Pin to secure it with. On their Return, having then their Faces to the Wind, never was Man under more violent Perplexity for securing his Van, than *David*; for the Wind freshening upon them, he was obliged to go almost double, with both Hands before, till he had applied for a Repetition of *Hannab's* Favour, to that Side too.

David had ever been insensible to the Call of Beauty, till the Instant of *Hannab's* pinning his Flap before; but then, observing the Maiden's Fingers, how taper they were, and withal, that she stuck in the Pin so dextrously, blushing like Scarlet, and giving him such a piercing Eye, as he thought bespoke the Pressure her Heart laboured with during the Action; his Hands falling to his Sides, his Trunk grew stiff, his Eyes became fixed on the Maiden, and his Feet stood motionless.

Sawney

Sawney soon missing *David* from his Elbow, turned about to reconnoitre him; when he beheld him fixed like a lifeless Creature, as if petrified into a Statue. He beckoned, and called him to come forward; he rated him, but he stirred not; then fearing lest he had been struck with Death, and had died standing, he ran to him, and shaking him, compelled him forward with him.

Enquiry was made how he found himself? but all was Silence. How he had been taken? but not a Word; so that *Sawney's* Fears for his Safety redoubling upon him, he desired the Girls to lead them the nearest Way Home, for that he was certain the poor Man was fitter to be in Bed than with them.

They were soon after housed, when the good Wife being informed of the Disaster, offered several Applications in her Way, for his Recovery; but putting them all aside with his Hand, all that issued from him till Bed-time, was (save a few broken Sighs, and profound Groans) only, Let me die in Peace: Let me die in Peace.

CH A P. XIV.

David discovers his Uneasiness. Argument against Love in Princes. David loves Hannah. She takes him to be light-headed. Apothecary sent for. Family in Confusion. Prescriptions for David.

AFTER Abundance of Perswasives from all the Family, *David* was at length prevailed upon to go to Bed; each of the Females in Turn, offering her Service to sit up with him; but without Effect: Nay, *Sawney* proposed the same, but just to similar Purpose; let me die in Peace, being all that could be any Ways extracted from him; but then he would so lose his whole Mind in a Groan, now and then, that it was with the utmost Difficulty he could recover it again.

Sawney observing that his proffered Service was but the more troublesome to *David*, the more he urged it; without further saying, went to Bed to him, where his Melancholy, for Fear of the utter Loss of his Friend, his Companion, the Participater of his Toils, his Prime Minister, and chief Counsellor of State, so seized

his Spirits, that he poured forth Sigh for Sigh, and Groan for Groan with him till Day-light.

Every Thing, even the most durable, which this sublunary World can boast, must have a Period, some sooner, some later, according to a Variety of Accidents; so Grief and Woe must dwindle away by Degrees, and even as our very Thoughts, must fade, and finally perish; and that, for the most Part, proportionably to the Violence wherewith they first assault us; from whence, the passionate Man is soon cooled, whilst the deliberately malicious, though he commences his Rancour with less Fury, indulges the longer over it.

It fares in Love just as in other Cases; the calm Lover, guided by the Result of solid Reflection, cools not by Perseverance, but is ever ready to resume the Subject, when diverted for a Time by any Avocations; nor wearies he his Spirits, by an Age of Consideration on the Object of his Hope and Desire; whereas the desperate Lover, ever on Flame, from the first starting of his Passion, soon consumes his Spirit to a Snuff, and after a few convulsive Tremblings, incapable of yielding
a fur-

a further Supply, expires, without instant Aid from the Fair.

David, over-borne with his Anguish, fell into a gentle Slumber that Morning, which gave *Sawney* an Opportunity also of joining in the Exercise, where they both lay, labouring in *Morpheus's* Fetters, till almost Noon; when both Master and Man awaking at near the same Time, *Sawney*, before *David* could well have prepared his Reflection for future Perplexities, demanding the Cause of his Perturbation the preceding Day; after numberless inward Strugglings, he broke forth to the following Effect.

The innumerable Obligations I stand indebted to your Majesty in, are inexpressible; nor are my future Prospects in Life to be less attributable to your Majesty's Benevolence to me; but notwithstanding these Views are so glorious, as might dazzle the Optics of other Men, and fill their Ideas only with pleasurable Scenes, by withdrawing all Attention from other Objects; yet I, far from imbibing the Delight they should afford me, am immersed in an Abyss of Despair, from which only one Princess on Earth can recover me. Hope is the Plank that buoys us all from

sinking, which could I but possess, I might resume my wonted Tranquility; but who aspires that to the Goddess of my Devotion, but must turn giddy with the Prospect, and despond for his own Unworthiness!

This Harangue, from a Man of *David's* Turn, prodigiously startled *Sawney*. Surely, he had not left the Idol of his Heart behind him, and would consent to proceed no further without her! No, that could never be the Case; *David* never regarded Womankind, or felt the Lover's Pangs, for slighted Ardour; whence then proceeded these Throbbings of his Soul, that thus convulsed his inward Man, refusing Consolation.

Sawney's Impatience for the Knowledge of this Mystery, at length sat so uneasy upon him, that he put the Question, tho' in gentlest Terms, lest a Rehearsal of the Virgin's Name, recalling past Scenes to his Memory, should cause a Relapse to his prior Dejection.

He first, by the Name of his dearest Friend, pitied him for having fallen within the Gripe of that arch Traitor Love, when his Heart should have been enlarged only, to the rivalling his Ancestors in
the

the Glory of Conquest. He placed before his View the princely Diadem, a Prize too noble to be neglected, for the puling Subject of an Amour; at least, till he was established in his Sovereignty; and then, himself, would strain every Nerve in his Service, to bring it to an happy Issue.

He set before him the Discommodities of Wedlock, just at a Time when he was engaging in a War, the Continuance whereof no human Forecast could limit. The Heart, he told him, ought to be wholly disengaged from every Snare, that might but eventually diminish its martial Ardour, till Feats of Arms having raised him to supreme Authority, he might have Leisure to rove amidst the Circle of terrestrial Princesses, for one to encrease his Species with.

Besides, added he, the Thing itself is without Precedent, for a sovereign Prince to pine for any Maiden. No, they usually marry by Proxy, for the Sake of Alliances, not Beauty; seldom having seen more of their Brides than their Pictures, before they find themselves in Bed with them. Upon all which Accounts, and upon fifty others that he could name, he

said, over and above that he had not at present the least Time upon his Hands for Courtship, he gave him both his Opinion and Advice, that he should postpone all Ideas of Matrimony, till his Affairs were more firmly settled; when he would meet with far less Difficulty in his Courtship, than under the present Perplexity of them.

David being a Man of but few Words, gave his Master the Hearing with all Composure; but *David* could think when he did not speak; and in plain Terms, mentally, took his Master for little better than an Ass, for casting away such a Number of unavailable Words upon him, who was already past retracting his Sentiments. Wherefore, as he was but too sensible a Reply would have engaged him in an Argument he sought not Conviction from, he passed by *Sawney's* Rhetorick with Silence. This flushing *Sawney* with the Hopes that he had made him sensible of his Error, he took him by the Hand, and in friendly Manner, desired him to rise; when having dined, they would settle their Course for the ensuing Morning.

David making as little Opposition to this, as to what his Master had before said

said to him, *Sawney* arose, dressed Tinker like, and went to Dinner, leaving *David* to follow him.

Whilst he had nobody to please but himself, *David* expressed but a slight Concern for his Petticoats; but now he was to display himself in the Actions of a Man, and had *Hannah* to delight with his personal Appearance, his Heart sunk, and his Spirits flagged considerably, at the conceived Distaste she might take to him at the first Onset; even so far, as possibly never to be reconciled to his future Addresses.

These Thoughts lay rankling so in *David's* Breast, that he could not raise his Head from the Bolster, till he had given them their full Course in his Mind, by winding them into every possible Form they were capable of being represented in; but all proved far short of the least Gleam of Solace to his distorted Fancy; so that the Result of his whole Reflections terminated in keeping his Bed still; nay, even till Death should release him from his wretched Dilemma, or Fortune should offer him some unforeseen Means of decorating himself, in such amiable wise,

as to leave no Scruple in the Lady, of receiving his Passion to Advantage.

David not descending as *Sawney* expected, both himself, my Dame, and her Daughters, by Turns singly proved the Force of their Eloquence for raising him; but all in vain, or even once hinted he at a Reason to either, save to *Hannah*, when she besought him to rise, or at least to let her bring him his Dinner, and wait upon him.

Mighty Princess! answered he, it shames me to be beheld by those illustrious Eyes, thus low reduced beneath my Manhood. With what Face can I look up at your exalted Merit, whilst gently condescending to offer me your Service! To me, I say, the most submissive of your Slaves, and most absolute Vassal to your Perfections.

Why has Fate reduced me to this Contempt, whose Birth entitles me to chiefest Honours! And still to render my Condition the more grievous to me, made you a Witness to my abject State. Surely! my Princess must be conscious, what Strugglings my great Heart endures, while placed before your View in the unbecoming Light *Moll's* filthy Rags exhibit me in: At best, unworthy, but much more

more in them, to raise Desires in that chaste Breast, which only my fond Heart can glory in subduing.

Oh! leave me to my Fate, nor cast an Eye upon the worthless Object now before you. It is enough for me to have aspired at such peerless Excellence; and can I but die pitied by you, I shall fall content.

Most mighty Empress! added he, (and would undoubtedly have proceeded with Compliments equivalent to the Title, had the Girl but afforded him an Opportunity for it) when *Hannah*, astonished at his Flourishes, and taking him to be light-headed, ran down Stairs to the rest of the Family. I am frightened out of my very Wits, Mother, said she; yonder is Mr. *David*, very bad to be sure, and in a burning Fever; he raves so, and is so light-headed, that he talks of Princesses; nay, and still growing worse and worse, even stiled me Empress, and run on so, that you would have been amazed to have heard him; till in short, he so terrified me that I made my Escape, lest he should have done me a Mischief.

Indeed! Sir, added she to *Sawney*, I don't think he ought to be left alone; for I have often heard strange Accounts of

your light-headed People, as how they matter not what Mischief they do themselves in the Fit. He is very bad, as ever poor Creature was, that is to be sure, he is.

My Dame left her Dinner, and *Sawney* sent the youngest Daughter for an Apothecary as far as the Town, with a Charge to run all the Way; but my Dame, who was Physician in ordinary to her own Family, made him some Sage-tea, and a little thin Beer-whey; when returning to *Sawney*, she hoped, she said, he was now somewhat more composed; for that his Raving was pretty well abated; but by Way of Precaution, ordered *Hannah* up to sit by him, and watch that he did himself no harm.

The Girl replied, she would not sit in the Room with him by herself, upon any Score; but if her elder Sister would go, she would accompany her; whereupon they both entered on Duty, and seated themselves, this on one Side of the Bed, and that on the other, with their Backs to each other.

Though *David* could willingly have dispensed with her Sister's Company, yet he hugged himself in that of *Hannah*; but
her

her Sister's Presence interrupted those Tenderneſſes he longed to pour out to his Miſtreſs in private. Having therefore muſed for ſome Time on the Subject, he at length hit off an Expedient for his Purpoſe, by deſiring Mrs. *Martha* (the Elder) to bring him up a Slice of Bread and Butter.

Greatly rejoiced at hearing him ſpeak ſo rationally, away went *Martha* to inform her Mother of his Requeſt; when *David* ſeizing time by the Forelock, claſped *Hannab* by the Hand, and calling her his Princeſs, was about to have diſplayed the Raptures he felt in her Preſence; but this the poor Wench taking for a Relapſe, and no Ways able to free herſelf from his Gripe, ſhe ſkreamed out for Help, and was juſt fainting away, when my Dame and *Martha* appeared to her Relief.

David ſeeing her fallen backwards on the Bed, and labouring hard for Breath, turned the dark Side towards himſelf, and judged no leſs than that he had been the poor Girl's Murderer; then making the moſt afflicting Lamentations, he leaped from the Bed in his Shirt, to aſſiſt in raiſing her, and conveying her to the Window for Air; which the two Women ſtill taking for the Effects of his Delirium,

were

were so fearful of themselves, that they now stood almost helpless as to *Hannah*, and in Dread of worse Consequences, cried out aloud for *Sawney*; who being within their Call, made not many Steps of it into the Room to them.

Sawney was quite confounded, to guess what they were all at. One Girl stretched lifeless on the Bed, another as white as a Clout, my Dame almost breathless, trying to raise the Girl one Way, whilst *David* in his Shirt was hauling her another Way, exhibited such a Medley of Confusion, as he could no Ways penetrate.

The old Woman urged him to take off *David*, who she feared had killed her Daughter; but the young one soon after shewing some Tokens of Life, *Martha* and her Mother conveyed *Hannah* to the Window, whilst *Sawney* having disengaged *David's* Hold of her, was forcing him into his Bed again.

Never was Family in such a Combustion before, not one amongst them well knowing what the other ailed; when *Betty* (the youngest Girl) arrived with the Apothecary.

She

She conducted him up Stairs, with a Basket in his Left-hand, charged brimful of Phials, Gallypots, and a Bolus or two, to fill up the Interspaces; over all which, twisted in a clean white Paper, lay a large Blister Plaister, to be used as Occasion might require.

The Man observing such a Stir amongst them, enquired which was the Patient to whom he was sent for; when *Satwey* pointed to *David*, panting under the Bed-cloaths; for in exerting himself to lift *Hannah*, and then in the Contest with his Master, he had not only lost his Wind, but struggled himself into a violent Sweat.

The Apothecary felt his Pulse; but it was no Ways troubled, further than an Emotion of his Spirits would necessarily occasion. His Body was in a fine Sweat, his Tongue was no Ways parched, or indeed, could he perceive any the least Symptoms of the Disorder he had been apprized of; but however, he was come, and so many excellent Preparations as he had brought, were not to be lightly neglected.

He first ordered up a Table, then unpacking his Basket, he laid the Blister by itself, and ranging the other Medicines in
Rank

Rank and File, according to their Qualities, he pronounced the Patient in a dangerous Way; but doubted not, but the Course he should prescribe, being strictly pursued, would restore perfect Health again. Then calling my Dame to him, Goody *Clutcher* (for that was her Name) said he, are you Nurse to this Gentlewoman? (for *David* having his Mob on, and the waste Petticoats lying on the Floor, he had little Room to suspect his Patient for other than a Female) Gentlewoman! said my Dame, he is a Man, Sir. I cry your Mercy, said he; but it is all one in Point of Cure. You, I say, I presume are to be his Nurse.

David over-hearing this, cried out, I want no Nurse, not I. When my Dame whispering an Hint at his Disorder, he began to imagine he had mistaken his Case, and that the Man really might be ill at last. He went on, however, with his Instructions. Observe me Dame; give him three Spoonfuls of this Febrifuge every Hour: Let him take this Bolus at eight o'Clock, and this at Midnight: Let him also every two Hours take one of these Potions, just warm, and in Case
any

any Raving should succeed, or the least Symptoms of Frenzy appear, lay this Blister over the Crown of his Head, and you shall see me again in the Morning; for I shall then be able to form a truer Judgment, whether Phlebotomy may not be of Service, or possibly an Emetic.

I am sorely afraid, Sir, replied Dame *Clutcher*, that we shall have a tough Job in obliging him to take all these Things. He will never do it but by Force; and People in his Way, when they set upon it, are twice as strong as other Folks.

I admit it, said the Apothecary. Good Woman, you are in the right; but a Man's Life must not therefore be cast away, because his Senses will not subscribe to his own Interest. It is usual with us in these Cases, for two or three Persons present, to cast themselves flat across the Patient's Stomach, to keep him steady, whilst the Draught is poured down his Throat; and if, notwithstanding this, he proves refractory, then to tie him with Cords, by his Arms and Legs, to the Bedstead. We have many Ways of hampering them.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Clutcher* having thus taken her Cue, and engaged for Obedience to Orders, the Man of Physic took Leave, and returned.



CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

David averse from his Physic. Compel him. Tie him down. Blister his Head. His Discourse with Mr. Anodine.

HANNAH, under the Care of her good Mother and Sister, was now compleatly recovered, and had left the Room, as also had *Sawney* and *Betty*; for such a Number of Persons exercising so strongly in so small a Loft, had almost stifled each other, and made it requisite for all who could be spared, to retire, for a little Freedom of Breathing; when *Dame Clutcher*, judging it high Time for *David* to begin upon his first Prescription, and measuring out three Spoonfuls into a Cup, she presented it to him for Drinking, hoping, she said, that through Mercy, it would do him a Power of Good.

David, who was the best Judge of his own Discomposure, and as sensible that but one Remedy on Earth would contribute to his Cure, put this aside with his Hand, and turned himself about with his
Face

Face from her; but she was instantly round with him, urging many Reasons most pathetically for his receiving it; as that it was but a small Dose, and to be repeated but every Hour, and would certainly have a good Effect upon him; for that Mr. *Anodine*, she could assure him, was a most ingenious Man in his Profession, and far the most knowing in all the Country.

An utter Aversion from Physic (having never swallowed a Drop in his Life, save such as was culinary) had set *David's* Stomach so intensely against this, that as my Dame proceeded to force it upon him, he beat it out of her Hand; when not having rightly judged his Stroke, it fell all over his Face and Neck: The Offence his Nostrils took at the Smell, and his Flesh at the chilling Moisture of his Linen, rousing up his Spirits, he started up in his Bed, to have expostulated with her for her Treatment of him.

This *Martha* and her Mother taking for the Effect of his Frenzy, both screamed out together for Help, not imagining their united Force equal to the Strength of one Man in his Condition; nor ceased they, till *Sawney* and *Betty* were arrived to their Assistance; when my Dame raising
up

up her Hands, and blessing herself, began a Relation of the Refractoriness of her Patient; and that if some Means was not devised for forcing down his Medicines, he must be a dead Man by Morning.

This my Dame vociferating very loudly, *David* heard, and at the same Time, wondered he said, what they could mean by applying Physic to him, who had no Need of it, being as well in Health as ever he was in his Life.

Alas! poor Creature, replied *Sawney*, thou art no Judge of thy own Disorder. Come, come, dear Friend, receive these Gifts of Providence to thy Comfort. *Goody Clutcher*, pour him out another Cup; here are not above a Dozen in all; let me perswade you to take them chearfully. Here, good Woman, give it me. I'll offer it him; he'll take it at my Hand, never fear. Give it me, I say. Then approaching him with the Cup, *David* dashed it up in his Face.

Sawney roared like Thunder at the Injury his Right-eye had received; for it smarted so, that he never more expected the Use of it.

Every Hand being now employed in assisting *Sawney*, poor *David* got a Moment's

ment's Respite from his Tormenters, and solaced himself therein with ample Satisfaction; but *Sawney's* Pain soon abating, my Dame covered his Eye with his Handkerchief from the Air, and they all turned their Thoughts to *David* again.

Collecting therefore *Sawney* and the two Girls into a Corner of the Room, my Dame delivered her Opinion, that nothing but Force would do; there had already been two Doses lost, she said, and it was plain to her, that the rest would all go the same Way, unless forced down.

There had been so much Time lost in Perswasions, she said, that it would be in vain to try fair Means any longer, wherefore she advised turning him on his Back, when they three should lie across his Stomach, whilst she gained the Pass of his Throat; for take it he must, and should, that was positive.

They followed the Cue to an Hair, and slap they all came upon him; but *David* perceiving what they would be at, clenched his Teeth so close, that it was impossible to get a Drop between them. My Dame then calling to them to press harder, they so mashed his Bowels to a Mummy, as obliged him to roar out through Pain; at which

which Instant, watching her Opportunity, with a Spoon between his Teeth by Way of Gag, she poured in the Medicine; then holding his Nose pretty hard, he gulped it all down.

This severe Exercise had cast them all into a Sweat, which whilst they were feverally discharging, *David*, who determined not to be again surprized in his Bed, jumped up to dress himself; but had no sooner gained his Feet, than my Dame calling out to secure him, caught him in her Arms, and by the Help of *Sawney* and the Girls, forced him to Bed again; when privately remonstrating the Difficulty they should have with him, unless tied down as Mr. *Anodine* had directed, she sent *Betty* for her Cloaths-line, and what other Ropes she could find, to confine him with.

No sooner was the Girl returned, than preparing them with running Nooses, she ordered all the Company upon *Sawney* again, whilst she herself secured him, after Mr. *Anodine's* Method.

She slipped a Noose over each Ankle, and extending his Legs to the Extremities of the Bedstead, tied them there; then served his Arms in the same Manner; so
that

that *David* now lay on his Back, confined by all Fours, like a Dog destined for the Surgeon's Experiments; but his manly Heart could not be confined; for that dictated such revengeful Threats against them all, as would have put them in no small Danger, had he but had the Power to execute them.

By this Time, the Hour was out, and another Dose requisite; which my Dame, from her former Experience, found a much readier Way of administering; for having observed a Gap in the Side of his Mouth, she coolly trust in her Funnel, and had it down in a trice.

All might now have passed on very glibly, had not *David* still continued raving; for as if the prior Taciturnity of his whole Life had been purposely reserved for discharging at his present Persecutors, his Tongue never once lay still, from the most opprobrious Invectives he could invent against them; till my Dame perceiving him to be so far gone, as she said, that without speedy Relief, he must be a lost Man; she called for her Scissars, and fell to snipping his Hair off.

This Transaction irritated *David* more than all the rest, who would not have parted

parted with so ancient a Companion, for the Sake of his whole Principality; so that his Rage now redoubling, he behaved by his Eyes and his Tongue, the only Instruments they had left to his Disposol, no less mad than the most extravagant Wretch in *Betlehem*; but his Fury rather urging my Dame to the Completion of her Design, than otherwise, she soon applied the last Remedy to the Part, in the capacious Blister then before her, which she directly clapped on.

David lying thus upon the Stretch, and helpless, she found but little Trouble in administering his remaining Medicines; but the two Bolusses, as they must necessarily take their Times in the Course he was to undergo, proved a Matter of most Perplexity, and in cramming down the last with a Knife-handle, he was within an Hair's Breadth of expiring; till slackening the Cords at his Arms, and raising him on his Seat, he, by slow Degrees, gained the Play of his Lungs, when she immediately drew him down again.

The Want of Sleep, the Fatigue of his Limbs, and Distress of his Spirits, had, by Morning, almost cast him into a Fever indeed; when Mr. *Anodine* again entered upon

upon him, charged with another Basket of never-failing Compounds.

He demanded of his Nurse how he did, and what for a Night he had had? Who, with Water just issuing from the Sluices of her Eyes, replied, Very ill, very ill, Doctor; exceeding bad indeed. You see we have been compelled to tie him fast, or we should never have gotten down one of your Medicines.

Mr. *Anodine* then turning himself to the Patient, asked him how he found himself? But upon *David's* Reply, that if he had but the least Spark of Humanity in him, he would apply to a Magistrate, for taking up *Clutcher* and two of her Daughters, as guilty of a Conspiracy against his Life, the Man of Physic shook his Head: Very bad, indeed, said he, very bad.

He felt his Pulse, which was now all on the Gallop; viewed his Tongue, parched up with Drought, and asked for his Water; but there was none of that to be found, save what stealing through the Feather-bed, had trickled upon the Floor; so that having made all the usual Enquiries, he drew out his Lancet for breathing a Vient, and took away about twenty Ounces,

Ounces, with the Loss of which, *David* fainted.

Mr. *Anodine* had not the Faculty of sinking, but where himself could raise again; for in his Basket was a Remedy for flown Spirits, which would instantly recall them: This he gave him, and ordered all his Limbs to be loosed, whilst he staid, that he might the better judge of the last Operation.

David rejoicing at the Comfort which diffused itself through his whole Composition, since his Discharge, and perceiving it to have happened to him by Order of the Stranger, took him by the Hand, and began to relate to him his Hardships, not being able, he said, to conjecture what had made them all his Enemies; or what they had done to his Head, there seeming to him such a Weight upon it, as was insufferable.

Mr. *Anodine* being pleased at his so regular Speeches, hinted to his Nurse, what an Advantage his Bleeding had been; then sending her for some Rags for his Blister, and turning to *David*; Sir, said he, you must have taken some violent Cold, that should have attacked you so suddenly, as to have deprived you of your

Senses all at once thus. Pray, how was you first seized?

Seized! said *David*, why by Dame *Clutcher*, and my Master, and almost squeezed to Death, till I had gorged some of the most poisonous Stuff that ever poor Man tasted. I am sorry there should have been such Occasion for it, replied *Anodine*; but my Question was, how you was first taken? How you found your Distemper to approach you first? And afterwards proceed with you?

That, said *David*, I would gladly be excused from; or see I the Necessity for disclosing my Secrets to any Man, much less to one, in whose Power it can never be to relieve my Pain.

Come, come, Sir, said Mr. *Anodine*, I hope, as you already find yourself much mended, it will still be in my Power to restore you to perfect Soundness; or shall you want my best Skill and Endeavours, I promise you, if you will but make me Master of your Complaint.

You talk like an honest Man, said *David*; then again griping his Hand. Know Sir, said he, that it is Love, Love! cried *Anodine*. Love, Sir! added *David*; but that, for so excellent Princess, as no mortal

mortal Eye is worthy to behold. A Princess of such astonishing Charms, and Beauty, that no Lover but must despair of ever becoming Master of them.

That must be useless Love indeed, Sir, said *Anodine*, (who had a Mind to humour his Fancy, believing him about to relapse) for a Man to admire a Lady absolutely unattainable: But why think you so hardly of this Beauty? Have you ever made the Experiment? She may be more yielding than you imagine, and perhaps pine equally for Love of you.

It is impossible! replied *David*. A Princess of her Perfections may command the Globe; then who, think you, can ever be worthy of her? Have you made your Suit known to her? Sir, said *Anodine*. I have begun it, said *David*; but the nearer I approach her, she the more avoids me. I poured forth my very Soul in amorous Speeches to her the other Day: I called her my Princess, nay, my Empress; for surely, if any Female can deserve the Title, it is only her's; but she instantly fled my Presence; and as a Punishment for my Presumption, have Evils inexpressible haunted me ever since.

Anodine craved the Lady's Name; to which *David* replied, it was the most serene *Hannah*, but would be excused from divulging her Sirname, or Titles in Case she married him.

Mr. *Anodine*, who had *David's* Hand in his, during most Part of his Discourse, observing him to be pure cool, save that his Pulse would frisk strangely at the Name of *Hannah*, believed there might still be more in his Disorder than had yet been discovered, and that it might really be Love for Dame *Clutcher's* Daughter of that Name; for it had been hinted to him, that the very first Symptoms of his Frenzy were collected from his stiling her by the very Titles himself had just repeated; so that in Order to be confirmed in his Opinion, he ordered her up Stairs.

The Girl, who had so lately been surprised there, was very shy of appearing; till her Mother engaging for her Safety, she at length complied; but it was soon too apparent what had occasioned *David's* Perturbation; for his Eyes almost started from their Sockets, his Heart beat, and his Pulse was so variant, that Mr. *Anodine* ceased further to prescribe,
for

for a Disorder in her Power only to cure ;
 so that delivering in his Bill to *Sawney*,
 he consigned over his Patient to his pro-
 per Physician, with Assurance, that *Han-
 nah* would have no more Cause for Terror
 in that Gentleman's Society.



poor *Dove* was delighted at the very
 Soul, with only the bare Glimpse of his
 Chamber, but being still capable of more
 sublime Impressions; I said of earthly
 Pleasures, said he, enjoy my Lives by the
 bright Rays of your illuminating Coun-
 tenance; and as I am so happily situated
 offer me not only to behold the Keene

O H A P. XVI.

*Hannah left with David. He makes Love.
Her replies. Dialogue between Sawney
and Mother Clutcher. Dress up David.*

MR. *Anodine* at his Departure, hinted to my Dame, and she to her Daughter, that she should let Mr. *David* say what he pleased to her, and in his own Manner, so long as it proceeded no further than Words; but if he should any Ways offer at being rude with her, either to leave him, or to call her or her Sisters; so that my Dame taking an Occasion to step down, left *Hannah* with him, sitting upon the Feet of his Bed, with her Back towards him.

Poor *David* was delighted at the very Soul, with only the bare Glimpse of his Charmer; but being still capable of more sublime Gratifications: Fairest of earthly Beauties, said he, enliven my Eyes by the bright Rays of your illuminating Countenance; and as I am so happily situated once more within the Orb of your Lustre, suffer me not only to behold the Reverse
of

of your Disk; but shine upon me with your benign Influences.

Hannah, who scarce understood three Words he said, was fearful of a Relapse; but so long as it rested in Words only, she (as her Mother had enjoined her) resolved to be only upon her Guard; but for her Life, knew neither how, or what to answer him; which giving him Opportunity for proceeding further:

Mighty Princess, said he, can your Heart be so estranged from Compassion, as unrelenting to behold the Sufferings of the most faithful Lover that ever addressed your Sex? I crave but the Favour of your Eye, your Heart too bright a Gem for a Wretch like me to comprehend.

No! my Princess, he that flutters about the Rays of your Glory, must fire his Wings, and as a Victim to your Charms, must fall before you. Yet, not unpitied fall; that were to presume a Tyger's Heart, incased in an angelic Structure. Turn then, my Queen, and if for daring to confront your Brightness with a mortal Eye, the Flame consumes that Organ, the Blame be mine, for my Presumption; for having once beheld thee in Extasy,

how glorious were my Lot, to be for ever blind to every other Object. Turn then, my Empress, blast your humblest Suitor, coveting to drown all his former Acts in the immortal Name of your Adorer.

I can't think what you would have, not I, Mr. *David*, replied *Hannah*, that you should love to make a Jeer at a Body thus. Good Truth! And you won't be quiet, and go to Sleep; I'll sit no longer beside you, not I; e'en let Mother come herself an she will; making your Game at one so.

Seraphic Voice! said *David*, not all the Music of the whirling Spheres, with every Instrument of Man's Invention, conjointly issuing one Melody, could strike my Ear with such engaging Sounds, as thy sweet Warbling.

O *Hannah*! speak, or I am for ever lost. Grant me again the Ravishment of thy soft Pipe, thrilling through every vital Faculty, such Raptures as never Mortal felt before. Dear *Hannah*, speak! nor let me languish thus, in black Despair.

Why? Mr. *David*, now you call a Body by one's own Name, I don't care an I do speak; and if you have any Thing to say

say to a Body, why? You may say on, and I'll answer you; and if you care for talking, rather than lying still, I don't care, not I, if I talk with you; but then talk upon reasonable Things, and not about Princeesses, and Glory and Brightness, and I don't know what, that a Body can't understand.

Hannab, replied *David*; Ay, now I like you, said she. Well! what would you have, Mr. *David*? I would implore it as a Favour, and admit it as an infinite Condescension, if you would be pleased to dart a single Beam of your Eye towards me, said *David*.

I tell you, replied she, Mr. *David*, I can't imagine why you use so many, and cramp Words, as there is neither making Head or Tail of. I suppose you would have said, *Hannab* face about. *David* confessed he would, durst he but have been so unmannerly; his Heart, he owned, said that, whilst his Tongue, starting at so rude an Expression, recoiled; or would it move, but in Terms of the most sublime Regard for her.

Look ye now, Mr. *David*, answered she, you are at it again. It makes a Body believe you not well in your Wits, when

you tell one a Story, that takes up more Time in guessing its Meaning, than in repeating. Well! Now I am faced about, and what is it you have to say to a Body?

I have every Thing in Nature that is commendable to apply to thy Perfections, added he, and might I but be indulged the Bliss, I would unfold my Bosom to thee, where thou mightest read in deepest Characters, the Love I boast to bear thee. Nay, blush not, *Hannah*, thou art more to me than *Cleopatra* to *Anthony*, *Helen* to *Paris*, or any one of thy Sex ever was to mine.

I thank you, Mr. *David*, for all your Compliments, said *Hannah*, and suppose you call this making Love, or else I cannot guess a Meaning to it; but upon my Word Sir, I must beg to be excused from answering you, till I can tell who all those strange named Folks are, you have been speaking of. They may be all very good Men for what I know; but I say Sir, if I am ever to be courted, it shall be in plain *English*, and in a Way that a Body can answer to, or what care I for Courtship; But I know, Mr. *David*, all that you say is but a Banter upon a poor Country Girl, to see how a Body can take it.

You

You can never make me believe, Mr. *David*, that a Man who is Companion to so fine a Gentleman as your Master was the Day he came hither, would take up with such a Wench as I am, for a Wife; and as for any Thing else, Mr. *David*, I must beg your Pardon.

Sweet Excellence! said *David*, thy every Sound pierces my Heart, and urges Rejoicing. No, thou can'st not presume me worthy, though thy Virtues may condescend to crown my Wishes. The greatest Ladies have at Times stooped as low, when Love has fired their Bloods, and why, for once, not my admired *Hannab*? Believe me, *Hannab* (since you recommend to me the Familiarity of that Title only) the Man who loves like me, can have only the most honourable Ends in View. Oh! Could I dare to tell thee mine are for the Marriage State! where, close combined in Love, we would ever live, thou a Partaker of all my future Blessings; nor shall I hereafter doubt to stile thee my Princess, in Reality, as Sovereign of that Principality, now mine by Right, though yet in other Hands, withheld by stale Pre-
tence of Conquest.

You

You see me now disguised, and like the Sun behind a Winter's Cloud ; yet neither can this diminish its natural Lustre, or my mean Appearance mine, intrinsically, tho' both are for a while, as in Eclipse obscured by intervening Accidents.

O *Hannah* ! (I will not say, my Princess, lest I again offend) could you but love like me, how great, how happy might we live together ? But should Disdain prompt you to other Courses, and with indignant Eye should you behold me ; yet grant me this Satisfaction, of laying down my Life in your Presence, and at your Command ; for frown but on me, and I fall to Atoms.

I don't like your ranting so, Mr. *David*, said she, not I, about I know not what all. If you have a Mind to a Body, the only Way is to say so, without any more ado. You are a Gentleman's Servant, though to be sure highly in his Favour, I am not such a Fool but I can see that, by the fine Things he says of you : Now if you think fit to chuse me for a Wife, why I can do something for my Bread too ; I have not been brought up in Idleness, Mr. *David*, but I can live, I don't doubt, either Maid, Wife, or Widow ;
for

for though my Grandmother, as I have heard, was a great Woman, and kept her Coach, and those Things; yet my Mother marrying very young, and coming to Misfortunes, and after marrying my Father *Clutcher*, who kept this Alehouse, though I say it, has bred us all up to Labour, and instructed us in more than many poor Girls ever heard of; so that I say, Mr. *David*, I would have you take Care of your Health, and when you are recovered, you may talk to Mother about it. If she gives her Advice in the Affair, I shan't be the Girl that will say you nay, I promise you.

My Health, my dearest *Hannab*, as my Life, my Hope, my every future Joy, solely depend upon thy Smiles or Frowns, by those I live, by these I am annihilated, said *David*. O *Hannab*! Thou hast been the Cause of all my Pain; but why I have been so injuriously treated by all your Family, and even by my Master himself too, I am at a Loss to guess. Why, indeed, replied she, Mr. *David*, by your talking as you did to me, one would have imagined you had been besides yourself; and all they did, I'll be sworn, was but out of Goodwill, to set you right again; and you see
what

what a good Effect it hath had. Well! I'll go tell them how purely you are mended, and that you intend to come down to Dinner.

May I then be so happy as to be named by you? my charming *Hannah*, said he; but it shames me, my fair one, to think how unmanlike I must appear before you, in that filthy Woman's Covering. Could I but shew thee my proper Self again, thou possibly might'st cast an amorous Glance towards me. How can I survive the Dishonour of these Petticoats? that gauls me most to think of.

You must consider, Mr. *David*, said she, the Fault is none of yours. You are compelled to wear what you disapprove; but that, as I say, Mr. *David*, you can't help; or shall I look upon you a Whit the worse for them.

I stand convicted, said *David*; then send up your Mother to dress me, and I will once more appear amongst you.

The Girl ran down to her Mother, with an Account how purely Mr. *David* was mended; and Mother, said she, he talks the most reasonably you ever heard a Man. What! replied she, hath he made another Princess of you? Indeed

Hannah,

Hannah, I am afraid you have gotten a Sweetheart in Mr. *David*.

Sawney, who sat by, overhearing this, replied, thou needst not be afraid of the Honour done to thy House by an Alliance with so great a Prince as *David*. Prince! quoth my Dame. I have said it, replied *Sawney*, and Time will prove it, when thyself shall appear as the Mother of that Princess; but however, I think he is wrong in prosecuting an Amour, when he should be pursuing Conquest; for Fortune spreads her Arms but once to receive her fallen Votaries, and should they through Remissness fly her Call, she closes them against all future Admission of the same Object. My Advice therefore to his Highness should be, to prosecute, at present, his proper Glory in Arms, nor pay the least Attention to the softer Voice of Love, till Slaughter ended, he may embrace the Fair, and propagate a Race of dauntless Heroes.

Mother *Clutcher* hearing *Sawney* run on thus, was half in the Mind that *David's* Disorder was catching, and that he had infected his Master with it; for that there was nothing talked of, but Kings and Princes; when craving further Knowledge, she

she demanded what *David* was Prince of? And how he came to appear as his Servant?

Woman! said *Sawney*, as to the latter, let not a better Man than Prince *David* despise that Fortune, which has by Lot, ordained him to be Prime Minister, and principal Favourite to the greatest Monarch of the *North*. This Name I answer to, as he to that; or wants it more than Time to confirm our Titles, and reinstate us in the Possessions of our Ancestors.

David, now plainly so called by me, can advance thy Daughter to a Principedom; but I should be glad it were deferred, till my peaceable Establishment upon the Throne of *Scotland*, when I may have Leisure to assist in forcing his Way to his Principality.

My Dame and her Daughters listened with uncommon Attention to *Sawney's* Report; for they doubted not half so much, from the fine Robe he arrived in, that he was King of *Scots*, as that *David* was a Prince too; but beginning to leer at each other, and riggle about for some Time, upon those Bums which now sat but uneasily in the Presence of Majesty; first the old Woman and then her Daughters,

one

one by one, arose, nor would again have squatted for half *David's* Dominions.

As *Sawney*, since the late Declaration of his Quality, took rather more State upon him, so my Dame and her Daughters receded from that Familiarity they had before entertained him with; but at length *Sawney* commanding the old Woman to be seated, and she making a thousand Words about it, he told her, that himself being always the Judge of right and fit, it became not her any Ways to dispute his Pleasure; which was in Effect, not only disparaging his Judgment, but placing her own in Competition with it; upon which she sat down by him.

He then commanded *Martha* to her Seat, and as for you, fair Princess, said he to *Hannah*, your Rank will soon demand it. And as you *Betty* need not doubt Preferment in mine or your Brother's Court, sit you by your Sister; *Martha* shall be my Care, so soon as my Family is settled.

By this Time *David* arriving amongst them, *Sawney* related to him the Topic he had been upon, and having, as above, made the whole Family privy to their Dignities, made no Scruple of enquiring
into

into his Highness's Health; but *David's* Head being far otherwise turned than to Titles, he intreated Dame *Clutcher* to apply somewhat to it; for that he feared his Brains would all come out, it being so fore, he could not bear to touch it.

The good Woman, pleased to hear him talk so sedately, replied, that his Head must be kept warm now he was up, which she should have told him sooner, and would have attended to help him up, had not her Mind been occupied with such a Set of surprising Stories, as had almost turned her Brain; she would however take Care of him now, and requested him not to stir Abroad, for Fear of Cold, which might prove of the utmost Prejudice to him.

Notwithstanding what she had put over his Mob, *David* still complaining of Cold, she recollected an old Fur Cap of her late Husband's, that had lain by many Years; which producing, she recommended to his Highness's Wear, instead of a better; but such a Prince as *David* then appeared to be, in *Moll's* Petticoats, with old *Clutcher's* Furs on, had never before graced the Northern Hemisphere.

C H A P. XVII.

Sawney engages Men. Sets out for Scotland. David loses his Mare. Gain Parsons Habits. Taken up for Robbers. Acquitted. Adventures at a Nobleman's.

MANY Days had not passed, before *David's* Head being healed, his Hair began to grow, and he was otherwise an whole Man again. *Hannah* had consented to the Match, upon Prospect of her ensuing Title; and *Sawney*, having observed Persons daily calling at the House for Drink, began to tamper with them about enlisting; but cautiously, lest he should have been in as bad a Scrape as at *Apperly*.

He had actually paid away some Guineas in Premiums, and a Place was appointed for the Rendezvous; and now, the Day being come for his Departure, having had Interest enough to postpone *David's* Match till their Affairs were mended; after most hearty Salutes at parting, and Engagement of inviolable Affection and Fidelity, they mounted their Steeds in the Afternoon, and away for the Borders of *Scotland*,

land, where their new-raised Men were to meet them.

Sawney travelled that Day with vast Alacrity; but *David* in his Rear, hung an Arse strangely; for the Loss of his Mistress lay so heavy on his Spirits, that wrapped in Contemplation, he had often lost Sight of his Master.

They inned that Night at *Bollyop*, where *Sawney* had purposed to new rig himself, and to assign over the Tinker's Coat to *David*, instead of *Moll's* Petticoats; but when at their Lodging, they came to compare Notes, *Sawney's* prior Liberalities had been so extensive to others, that he had scarce two Guineas left for himself, nor was *David* Possessor of a single Sous to assist him with; for since the bad Luck he had had with his Cash on the second Day of the Expedition, his Pockets had neither been graced with Cross or Pile; but *Sawney*, who ever turned his Necessities into Virtues, contented himself, and cheered up the almost desponding *David*, with its being far better to wait for new Rigging till they should reach their own Territories, where his Subjects would be proud to supply him, than to want Cash

for

for their necessary Occasions upon the Road.

As they sat in the public Kitchen where they inned that Night, there came in a Foot-traveller with a Bundle, which he ordered the Landlord to secure for him till Morning. They soon fell into Chat with him, and over their Cups, growing very loving, they gave each other slight Sketches of their past Lives, and also of the future Tendency of their Travels; when *David* being full of his own Concerns, related the Tinker's Robbery of him and his Master, and the Reason of his appearing in Womens Cloaths, which were not only exceeding shabby of the Sort, but being for a contrary Sex too, made him absolutely ashamed of himself.

The Man seemed to pity their Case, till having finished both their Beer and their Tale, they retired to Rest, having first agreed upon making one Company in the Morning.

They had not jogged on more than four Miles together, (for though the Stranger was on Foot, they rode so gently that he kept up with them) before pretending to be tired with walking so fast, the Stranger desired them either to go somewhat slower,

or

or to let him ride as far as the next Town, to refresh him.

David very readily complied, for the Benefit of his Fellow-traveller, and dismounting, held the Man's Bundle till he was seated; but no sooner was he fixed on his Saddle, than turning short to the Left, he even flew over the wild Country, till they had lost all Sight of him, behind the neighbouring Hills.

Sawney had pursued him, crying out Stop Thief, till he had roared himself out of Wind; but no Creature was within some Miles of him, or could his heavy Beast gain Ground of the Spoiler; so that returning to *David*, they consoled themselves, upon the saving it would occasion in their Account of Horsekeeping, which, at the low Ebb of their Cash, was no inconsiderable Article.

They were now arrived near *Unibank*, when *David*, who had carried the Fellow's Bundle all the Way upon his Head, beginning to have had enough of it, as he informed his Master; *Sawney* replied, that since what it contained was all they were like to gain for the Mare, it would be best to open it, and see whether it was worth further Carriage or not.

Sitting

Sitting down upon the Grass, *David* unskewered the Pack, and exposed its Contents to his Master. The first Thing that presented was a Parson's Gown, then a Cassock, and lastly, two black Waistcoats, with a Silk Handkerchief in the Pocket of one of them, all which were bundled up in a large Piece of brown Shalloon, which concluded the Inventory.

These were no unpleasing Prizes to our Adventurers, who both stood in Need of Cloaths, preferable to any other Commodity; but the Difficulty was to how divide them. *David* had no Breeches at all, and *Sawney* wanted both Coat and Waistcoat, in Exchange for the Tinker's Coat; now there being two Waistcoats, these were presently shared, to each of them one; then, as the Gown, *David* alledged, by flying about loose, would but expose his Nakedness, he desired *Sawney* to take that, and let him wear the Cassock, which would tie close round him with the Slip of Shalloon.

No sooner was the Division made, than each Man had slipped on his Gear, and admired themselves prodigiously; but the real Owner being but a little Man, though
the

the Cassock was near of a Size for *David*, yet the Gown reached but little below the Knees of *Sareney*, and the Sleeves, which should have hung loose but from his Elbow, hung so from near his Shoulder. Thus whilst *Sareney* envied *David* the Propriety of his Robe, *David* laughed at his Master, for appearing so much out of Character.

Being now both so much better provided for than before, they cast back no Thought upon *Moll's* or the Tinker's Liversies ; but remorselessly left them behind, for the next Comer ; and stalking into *Untbank*, in their own Opinions, made no mean Appearance.

The next Day, proceeding to *Northumberland*, as they approached *Blanchland*, they saw some Gentlemen on Horseback, and Servants behind them, riding over a Common there, who soon met, and staring at the uncouth Figures they made, passed them ; but they had not proceeded above an hundred Yards further, before another Horseman came galloping after the former. He stopped short, and surveying them accurately, hallowed out for his Companions to return ; then dismounting, my Lord, said he, (so soon as they were

were come up to him) I am in Hopes of recovering my lost Property.

His Lordship taking his Meaning, ordered his Servants to seize those Fellows, and secure them. *Sawney* would have drawn his Sword from his Side, to have opposed them, had he not been timely prevented. He that had first stopped them, who proved to be my Lord's Chaplain, charged them with robbing his Taylor of those very Cloaths on their Backs; upon which, his Lordship ordered the Servants to mount them both on *Sawney's* Horse, and tying their Legs under its Belly, to conduct them to *Blanchland*.

In vain did both Master and Man petition for an Hearing, wherein they might have explained away all Censure from themselves; but it was too apparent that the Goods were the Parson's, which he offered to make Oath of, from the initial Letters of his Name, stitched into the Collar of the Gown; so that no Plea of Excuse could be admitted, against so palpable a Robbery; nay, almost a Murder too, committed by them; for it was insisted, that the poor Taylor from whom they were taken, had well nigh lost his Life with the Vestments.

Though our Adventurers were now in as bad a Scrape as at *Apperly*, when their Necks were in Danger for Treason; yet *Sawney* regretted not at any Thing so much as the Delay it would occasion to his Affairs; as it might possibly cause the disbanding of his Forces, in Default of his timely Appearance amongst them; whilst *David* cursed his Fate, for protracting his Nuptials with the Infanta Princess. As for the Fact they were charged with, being no Ways guilty of that, they gave themselves little Concern about it, otherwise, than as it gave a Diversion to more material Purposes.

After a short Stay at *Blanchland*, they were conveyed to my Lord's Seat, about two or three Miles further; whither he had sent for a neighbouring Justice to assist him. His Lordship having them now to himself, he was very inquisitive into their Way of Life? What had brought them into that Country? and many other Particulars; some of which *Sawney* answered off Hand, but declined others; though he had fully stated the Means of obtaining the Goods, as also the Loss of his own Cloaths, which had rendered these the more acceptable.

His

His Lordship's Brother Magistrate being come, they soon fell upon Duty; when the Taylor being produced, and the Prisoners confronted by him, he declared neither of them to be the Man, or any Ways like to the Person who robbed him.

Sawney then describing the Man who had rode away with his Servant's Mare, and had left the Bundle behind him, the Taylor replied, that was the very Man; upon which, *Sawney's* Pardon being asked for the Trouble given him, which indeed his own Conduct had made necessary, he was desired to stay and dine with the Company.

He, having at first declared his Intention for *Scotland*, amongst other Discourse, after Dinner, was asked, whether he was a Native of that Kingdom, to which he replied in the Negative; but that his Ancestors were, and that his chief Interest lay there. Had he any Estate there? they asked. At present, only a Title to the best in that Country, he said. They all joyed him of it, and heartily wished him Success; for notwithstanding the Suspicion he had laid himself open to, they

could not but respect him, and compassionate his Losses.

His Lordship asked what Friends he had in *Scotland*? to which *Sawney*, somewhat warmly, replied, that he doubted not but the whole Country would rise in Maintenance of his Right.

The Magistrates, whose Duty enjoined them to the Conservation of the King's Peace, hoped, they told him, that he trusted not his Cause to the Commotions of the Populace; for that might subject him to give Account for them and himself too; but if he would take their Advice, he should proceed to the Recovery of his Estate, meerly by due Course of Law, without popular Tumults; and at the same Time asked him, if he had retained his Advocates?

Sawney being now wound up to a Pitch, superior to the Rank of common Mortals, replied, That his Cause was that of Justice; his Advocates the Bravery of his Countrymen; their Proceedings were their Swords, and Heaven the Umpire to judge his Cause.

This odd Flourish startling the Company, the further they dived into the Mystery, they discovered but the more Reasons

sons for suspecting *Sawney* not to be in his right Senses ; however, to gain a further Insight into his Views, they cajoled and footed him so, till they had at length fished out his whole Errand ; which he assured them, had they not been greatly in his Esteem, they should not have done, especially in an Enemy's Country, where such a Man as himself might be deemed dangerous.

He fairly laid before them the Strength of his Exchequer, that it consisted at present, but of one Guinea and some Silver, having been so long delayed by cross Accidents, and proposed borrowing a thousand Pounds of his Lordship, upon a Mortgage of the six Southern Counties. All this he did with so serious an Air, that it delighted the whole Company prodigiously ; who, to carry on the Farce, hinted to his Lordship, the Benefit that might redound to him and his Posterity, from so glorious an Action.

Sawney most graciously thanked them, assuring them he had sent his Forces to the Frontiers, and though he made no Doubt of a loving Reception from his Subjects, and of their Emulation for his Service ; yet he chose not, that his auxi-

liary Troops should suspect their Pay to be dependant on the Contributions of the *Scots*; but rather to have the paying them himself from his own Coffers.

He then, as Friends, put the Question to them about raising still further Forces, which they urged him by all Means to do, and from one Thing, proceeding to another, drew out his whole Expectations, as also what he had promised *David*, who he then informed them was to be Prince of *Wales*.

His Lordship catching at that Word, wondered he should no sooner signify his Highness's Titles to them, that they might have behaved to him with becoming Duty; but said, he was resolved to rectify his past Misconduct, by recalling him from his indignant Station amongst the Servants; and accordingly dispatched a Messenger to invite him into the Parlour.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

David's Reception in the Parlour. My Lord raises Men. Exchange their Habits. Nasty Accident of David's. Reflections. They march. Troops mutiny. Sawney overthrown, and his Horse killed.

UPON *David's* Introduction to the Parlour, the whole Company were standing, and such a Flow of Compliments issued for their Want of due Regard to a Man of his Eminence, as put *David* quite besides his Biass to answer; but ignorant of his Rank, they hoped Forgiveness from his Clemency.

David bowed Assent, and took his Place at the Table; when they paid him their Duty in Bumpers, giving him to understand, they had been led into his History by the King of *Scots*; and that, in their Opinions, nothing would be more easy than with his Majesty's Auxiliaries to confirm him in his Government.

Sawney's Head running upon the thousand Pounds to be advanced by his Lordship, he formed his Query, how many Men that Money would pay and maintain

for the two Months he purposed to retain them? And whether his Lordship could be any Ways instrumental in raising them? To this that Nobleman replied, that in Case he was to stir in the Affair himself, his Countrymen would look upon him as their Paymaster; and therefore, if his Majesty thought fit that he should levy the Recruits, it would be proper for him to retain the Money; and only paying them for Entrance, be responsible for their full Due at their Return; in which Case, he could also buy up Arms, and send after them, to the Number of five Hundred.

This was joyful News indeed for *Sawney*, who cared not a Rush who had the Money, so that he had but the Men. Then my Lord leaving them for a while, sent Orders for all his Tenants, Tradesmen and Labourers, to attend him the next Morning, armed as he directed; and upon his Return, assured his Majesty, that hoping he would have no Thoughts of leaving him for that Night, he had ordered a Body of Men upon Duty the next Morning, who should march with him to *Scotland* directly; and for such as should in future be raised, he would send them after him.

Sawney

Sawney graciously thanking his Lordship, and submitting to be advised by him; the Parson, who had but few spare Garments, put in for the Recovery of those in Wear by the two Princes, by giving his Opinion, that both Princes, though Necessity had compelled them to assume the secular Habit for a Time, would appear strangely out of Character therein, at the Head of their Troops; recommending at the same Time the Return of his Pontificals, and their Assumption of such as were more adapted to military Men.

David but little relishing his natural Cloathing, which was almost all that he could call his own; (for the first Sentence he had as yet spoken) begged to be permitted the Wear of the Cassock at least, till he should be otherwise suited; but the Parson not knowing when that might happen, came but lamely into the Scheme: So that his Lordship replied, he hoped to be honoured with accommodating both Princes in the best Manner he was able, though he confessed his Endeavours would fall far short of their Dignity; but what he should prepare was, only by Way of Shift, till they could furnish themselves better.

At Night our great Men lay in separate Beds, in some of the best Rooms of the House; blessing themselves so much at their Change of Fortune, that they could scarce get a Wink of Sleep, which kept them both dozing longer next Morning than their accustomed Hour; for they were both early Risers.

In the Morning his Lordship's Gentleman entered each of the Princes Chambers, attended by two of his inferior Domestics, charged with proper Change of Apparel; which placing upon Chairs by their Bedsides, they retired. Neither of our Travellers could after this indulge a Moment longer in their Beds, their Inclinations were so forcible for rising, that they might once more be dressed in Character.

As for *David*, the Joy of his Heart centered in the Prospect of a Pair of Breeches, which he had so long been a Stranger to; so that the first Step he took was, to put them on before a large Pier-glass, where he might behold himself strutting in them, like any Prizefighter. They were somewhat of too ample a Size for him, it was true; but what of all that, they were Breeches.

Having

Having then drawn on a Pair of blue Stockings that were laid him, he ran to his Coat and Waistcoat, both of which had, in Days of Yore, been exceeding gaudy, and still retained the Outlines of their pristine Finery; or valued he his Person at any trivial Rate, being now invested in them; but he had more to do yet; for having tied on a Cravat, though he had trebled it about his Neck, the Ends reached down to his Middle; then his vast tied Wig, which scarce left his Eyes Room for their Functions, hanging equally long behind, sat enormously bold and bushy; over which, having clapped on a broad old Silver-laced Hat, he bore the Port of a Generalissimo.

Thus accoutred, after a thorough Survey of himself, *David* marched away to *Sawney's* Chamber, at the other End of the same Gallery that his own opened into; where he found *Sawney*, almost distracted, at his Inability to get his Boots on. He swore the Boots were bewitched, (for that there were Witches in *Scotland*, but he hoped he should never fall within their Influence) they were so large the Day before, he said, that he could have thrust
both

both Legs into one, and now, he could not get one half Way into it.

David perswaded him that his Legs must needs be very much swelled; for it was impossible the Boots should be shrunk so since Yesterday, especially as they had come near no Waters.

Sawney would then have pulled off the Boot again, to have demonstrated *David* was in an Error; but had so wedged his Heel into the Ankle of it, that it seemed immoveably fixed there; when *David* regretting his Master's Vexation, notwithstanding the Elegance of his own Habit, condescended to become his Boot-catcher, and clapping his whole Force to the Grievance, the Foot slipping out unexpectedly, down came he on his Breech, full upon *Sawney's* Chamber-pot. This resenting such ungentlemanlike Usage, not only spilt its Contents upon the Floor, but like a dying Wasp, darted out a Number of its pointed Shivers into his Highness's Posteriors, to the no small Anguish of the fallen Potentate, who lay wallowing on his Back, in the urinous Libation, till *Sawney* arriving to his Succour, had raised him from the Flood again.

David

David roared out for very Pain, or was he able to stir a Step towards the Bed, whither *Sawney* soon lifted him, and at *David's* Request, laying all bare, applied himself to extracting the Splinters, which with tender Hand he performed, one by one, as he found them.

My Lord and his Family had been some Time waiting below for the Descent of the two Sovereigns, till hearing *David's* Outcry, and following it up to *Sawney's* Door, they gently opened it, and entering upon them, there found his Majesty deeply engaged amongst the Secrets of Nature, in Pursuit of his chirurgical Operation.

Being thus surprized, and at the above Exercise; as it considerably lowered the Topsails of Majesty, so it proportionably excited the Mirth of the rest of the Company, who unable longer to stand it above Stairs, were obliged to retire, for the Indulgence of such a Laugh, as must without ample Vent have split them.

Of what an odd Composition are these two Fellows formed? said his Worship. They are the most important People about Trifles I ever met with. Patient under Afflictions, and ever seeking fresh Occasions of Disturbance, to exercise it in.
Were

Were all Mankind of like Principles, not a Soul would know what he was about; they would be ever busied in grasping Air, and confining their own Shadows; and yet he that does talk, argues as rationally, as might convince one's Judgment of every Consequence he deduces, were but his Hypothesis sound.

Whilst the Justice was thus discanting on the Strangers, came the Princes into the Room to them; *Sawney*, without other Covering to his Feet than his Stockings, and *David* in a very hobbling Manner, but in full Dress; though wet quite thro' on his back Parts, from his Shoulder to Flank. This, with the nicest Caution, he aimed at concealing from View, by keeping a sharp look out in his Rear, that no Body might gain the Advantage of it; but when all came to be unravelled, *Sawney* had been fatiguing himself with a Pair of light Jockey-boots of the Parson's, which the Servant had set him, instead of a Pair of whole Jacks of his own; or had he ever discovered the Difference, but for the penetrating Eye of his Reverence. However, he was not long recovering his own, which slid on with their usual Facility.

No

No sooner was Breakfast over, than his Lordship took *Sawney* into his great Yard, where he presented to him the Numbers he had engaged in his Service, all drawn up in Rank and File, under his Lordship's Direction; with the gallant Appearance of whom, *Sawney* was very much delighted. Then longing himself to be at the Head of this fine Corps, he ordered out his Horse, and was proceeding to take Leave of his Lordship; but *David* grudging to walk on Foot only, like a common Man, lamented the Loss of his Mare most sensibly.

Sawney consoled him all that was in his Power, promising he should be rehors'd upon the Borders; and in the mean Time, rather than his puissant Heart should fail him, he should even share *Slouch* with him; but nothing would equal a Beast to himself, and he was so accustomed to the Mare's Goings, he said, that the Loss of her was the more afflicting to him.

The Company all pretended great Concern for him, when his Lordship, to carry on the Conceit, though it so happened, he said, that his Horses were all engaged; yet if his Highness would condescend to an inferior Animal, which was perfectly safe,
easy,

easy, and surefooted ; and though not so adapted to War, would prove equally serviceable in his Travels, with the best Horse ; he believed, he could accommodate him.

David, not hesitating for further Enquiries into the Beast, but greedily snapping at the Prize, his Lordship ordered out an old Jack-Afs, that he kept for a Stallion in his Park ; then covering him with a large War-saddle, and Curb-bridle, his Highness, who was too indelicate to refuse so fine an Offer, mounted him, and ambled after his Master : The Troops, after three Huzza's, filing off in the Rear.

His Lordship had given them Instructions for their Behaviour, which in due Time they most punctually executed ; but we must now keep Pace with them on their March to *Hadon-bridge*, where they were to cross the *Tyne*, and there the concerted Scheme was to display itself.

It is scarce to be conceived, how Prosperity alters a Man, from what himself was in Adversity ; for this same crest-fallen *Sawney*, at the first Entrance of his Lordship's Palace, who had but little to urge for himself, nor could he even obtain an Audience for that ; how unlike himself find we him the next Day, commanding

manding at the Head of a mercenary Army, all, to his thinking, disposed for Life or Death at his Nod? How? I say, did he ride before the Troop, erect as a May-pole, casting his lofty Looks now this Way, now that; and then on the Train behind him? Even *Slouch* himself looked gay; nor bore he any mean Burthen I'll assure you; for *Sawney* now appeared in an old cast flowered Silk Suit of my Lord's, trimmed with Gold, with a green Ribbon cross his Shoulder, a little long cue Wig, and broad Gold-laced Hat. with a vast white Cockade in it; an old point Neckcloth, and fringed Gloves; so that though *Slouch* was a little elevated, it could be no vast Wonder.

All went smoothly on till their Arrival in Sight of the Bridge, when the Men making a Stand on a little Opening; *David*, who first perceived it on looking behind him, called aloud to his Master to halt, for that the Troops were far in the Rear, and he was fearful they over-marched them.

Sawney then facing about, extended his Arm to beckon them forwards; but they not answering to his Motion, he clapped Spurs to *Slouch*, and trotted up to them,
with

with little *David*, like his Shadow behind him. My Fellow-Soldiers, said he, why halt you thus ? If we outmarch you, we will slacken our Pace ; if you want Refreshment, the Town is before us.

A Soldier then in the front Rank, replying, that they expected to have been sooner informed whitherto he was leading them ; *Sawney* replied, to the Subduction of the *Scots*. They one and all insisting upon ten Shillings a Man, promised them they said, for Entrance Money, so soon as they should have marched to *Hadon-bridge* ; *Sawney* told them, he was assured his Lordship either had, or would make that good to them, he having left Money in his Lordship's Hands for that Purpose.

All this, or whatever *Sawney* could urge in Favour of the March, would not induce them to stir over the Bridge with him ; but they still edging forwarder as *Sawney* retreated towards the Bridge, he at length took his Stand upon it ; from whence he harangued them, *more Imperatorum* ; sometimes with the rough, again with the smooth, and lastly, with the pathetic Strain ; stiling them Gentlemen, Fellow-Soldiers, and even Partners
in

in his Glory ; but their Lesson had been too strongly infused for them to vary an Hair from their Instructions, or would they yield to his Demand, without the Deposit, promised on their Arrival there.

This mutinous Behaviour so chafed his Majesty, that he even descended to the most opprobrious Language ; and having drawn his Sword, he denounced utter Destruction to every Mother's Son of them, should they still persist in their Mutiny ; nay, though a Waggon was coming over the Bridge, our Champion's Zeal was so prominent, and his Voice so thrilling, that neither himself, or *David* behind him had heard the least Movement of it, till the Leader had mounted *David's* Afs, and driven both him and his Rider against his Master.

The rest of the Team, roused by the Flouncing and Squeaking of their Leader, were by this Time all Fury, and rushed forwards with such Rapidity, that happy were the two Princes, by laborious kicking and flogging, to avoid being torn to Pieces ; whilst the Recruits set up such Shouts, as *Slouch* not being familiarized to, he pricked his Ears, and ran as if the Devil had been in him ; till crossing some
smothered

smothered Cart-routs, he floundering fell, and with him brought his Load of Majesty, till then raging in Despair, at the ill Aspect of his Enterprize; but *Sawney* fell not unrevenged; for in the Flight, his Sword being drawn in his Hand, when *David* came up to him, he found his Master extended like a lifeless Trunk upon his Back, and *Slouch* by his Side, dead as a Door-nail, with the Sword sticking in his Heart, and almost buried in the Wound.

Never was Field of Battle in more Confusion upon a general Rout, than the Spot now before us; or knew the Majority of them, whether Party first to hasten to with Assistance; for whilst some were at top Speed pursuing the flying Princes, the Waggon-horses having overpowered their Driver, forced on the loaded Carriage with such Precipitation, that turning too short at the Bridge-foot, the Wheel took the Breast-work, and with it fell the whole Apparatus into the Stream. This Catastrophe giving full Employment to the scattered Squadrons, in preventing the Death of the Cattle; they having at length secured them, sounded a Retreat, and made the best of their Way Home again.

C H A P.

C H A P X I X .

Sawney tries to mount the Ass. David in perilous Case. Both ride to Hadon. Reflections on their Adventures. Agree to return Home.

SAWNEY was able just to open his Eyes, Time enough to behold the Skirts of his departing Forces. Those very Forces, whereon, as on a Rock, his most substantial Hopes had been founded; but himself was in no Condition to follow them, his Shoulders, Back, and Ribs reminding him rather of Mortality, than Empire, and filling him with the Vanity of all sublunary Projects.

Poor *Slouch*, the faithful Companion of his Travels, was no more; or were his own Legs then capable of his Support. As for *David*, he wept over him like a Maiden Widow, and the Jack-Ass, sympathizing in their Distresses, brayed.

David (though very tenderly) enquired how he did? What he designed next? And how he would please to dispose of himself? Advising him by all Means to get to *Hadon*, where, by placing him in a
warm

warm Bed, his Recovery might be best promoted ; but *Sawney*, whose instant Anguish was an Enemy to long Speeches, replied, that his Body was sorely bruised, his Enterprize disconcerted, *Slouch* dead, and himself so spiritless, that his Heart was splitting afunder ; so that would Death but remove him from such an Inundation of Sorrows, it would be the most felicitous Turn his Affairs were capable of.

David's Heart faring but little better than his Master's, he wrung his Hands over him, and intreated him to rise, or he might settle such a Cold in his Members, as might prove of more mischievous Consequence, than either his Fall, or the disbanding of his Army ; wherefore, he must insist upon his making the Effort how he could bear riding upon the As, and not to lie upon the bare Earth so, to the Ruin of his Health, and the blasting all his future Prospects.

Lending him then an Hand, he, by vehement Struggling, raised *Sawney* on his Feet ; but how he should be able to mount him on the As, required such a Depth of Penetration, that he had almost relinquished the Hope of it ; till leading the
Creature

Creature to a large Mole-hill, he believed he might gain his End; but that Advantage answered not *David's* View; for tho' *Sawney* by his Help could just elevate his Leg to the Afs's Back; yet the War-saddle rising so much above it, they perceived, notwithstanding the Assistance of *David* at his Heel, it would be impossible to seat him; for his Trunk then poising upon an even Ballance, could not resist the least additional Force to his Foot.

What was to be attempted in this perverse Situation? The Advantage of four Inches would have done it; but how to procure what would raise him so much higher, was the Difficulty.

Nothing else presenting, *David*, the truest, and most faithful Servant sure that ever Man was blessed with, offered even his own Body to the Emolument of his dear Master; when prostrating himself upon the Hillock, *Sawney*, with no small Trouble, ascended both; but being weak and unactive, he could no Ways elevate his Right-leg, till he had first procured undoubted Footing for the Left; to obtain which, he had so trampled poor *David's*
thin

thin Carcass, that it was but little more found than his own.

He at length placed his Leg upon the Saddle, and *David* was in vast Expectation of a speedy Release from his Burthen; but *Sawney* having his whole Body to draw after the mounted Leg, clung so with his Right Heel to the Afs's Side, that having bedded his Spur in its Flank, the Creature urged by the Pain, sprung forward, and down dropped *Sawney*, with his whole Weight, full smash upon the recumbent *David*.

The whole Principality groaned; or was his Highness recovered from the Crush, for many a Minute after; till having thrice gaped enormously, to recover the Play of his Lungs, he resumed both Courage and Strength for rising, and also to erect his Master on his Feet again.

Necessity is the Mother of Invention, or knows the most prudent Man breathing, with Certainty, what will prove the final Issue of the next Step he takes; for Events advance successionaly, till that happens in the Long-run, which was no Ways at first to have been suspected deducible even from its proper Cause.

David

David having been such a Sufferer in the Flesh from the Fall of his Master, was so far from giving up the Cause as without Remedy, that he crouded his Mind, with every Suggestion, that offered but the least Hope for obtaining his Purpose. At length, Fool that I was, said he, for submitting my Body as a Block for my Master to mount by, when had I but d'ost the Saddle, he might have strided the Afs with Ease, far greater, from the Molehill only, than with it, from my wretched Corps too; and heartily sorry he was, he had no sooner hit upon it.

Having taken away the Saddle, he recommended the bare Ridge to his Master; but *Sawney* was so weak, that he doubted his Ability for managing the Beast, unless he had more than the meer Bridle to hold by. This giving *David's* Invention another Turn, he resolved to make the Afs subservient to both their Purposes.

Then mounting the Afs himself, with the Saddle over his Shoulder, he rode him alongside the Hillock; when *Sawney* having *David* to hold by, soon clambered up behind him, and by gentle Paces, they arrived safely at *Hadon*; but surely, never

two mighty Personages made a more droll Entry into any Town, than these two gilded Beaux, upon the same As, with the Saddle on their own Backs.

Sawney was taken down by Hand, and conveyed into a warm Bed, whilst *David* leaping off, took Care of the As, and followed him.

What a Blessing in Life is Sleep ! the Composer of all Inquietudes ! The Beggar is then as the Prince, even Pain and Grief are silent in it. This soon bound up *Sawney's* Intellects, being but too well prepared for it by the Fatigue of the past Day ; or was *David* long behind him, where they both enjoyed that Tranquility, which their wakeful Hours, charged with Reflection, must have denied them.

The Approach of Day awakened them ; but how ! not to the joyous Welcome of the Sun, or to the fragrant Verdure of the Meads, or to the Season's soft Serenity ; but in Subjection to their turbid Passions ; for not the Sun, the Air, the Meads, could yield a Recompence for Loss of Empire. Their Work, which had already cost them so much Time in bringing it to the Perfection the last Sun beheld it in, was now undone, all to begin afresh, without even the

the Nerves and Sinews, sole Cement of all hostile Undertakings.

David deplored the Hardships of their Fate, in Notes most plaintive, groaned and sighed; but offering nothing to revive their Cause, *Sawney*, who bore this melancholy Reverse of Fortune with still more becoming Fortitude, taking him by the Hand: My Friend! my Fellow-labourer! said he, why grievest thou thus thy more than manlike Frame? Our Stars have cast us down; why then complain we? were it our own Misconduct, Cowardice, or Want of Skill in martial Enterprizes that had brought these Evils on ourselves, I admit your Sorrow were well-timed. Is this the Case? Can we charge ourselves with aught worthy to be repented of? I judge we cannot; then why this Disconsolation?

Had we been culpable, we might have sighed and wished past Actions were within Recall; but ever ruled by Destiny, when justest Means prevail not, or turn to our Dishonour, where must we charge the Blame? Surely, not on ourselves, who aimed aright. The noble Heart succumbs not to Misfortunes; but far superior to them all, self-conscious, rests in the

Uprightness of her Intentions, and still proceeds, though still she suffers for it. Our Views were lordly Empire at the Goal; with bold, intrepid Firmness we pursued them; she flies, we follow, but with lagging Pace, and often trips, till spent in the Pursuit, we fall; but how? to rise again; perhaps, to rise no more. What then?—our Aim was glorious.—Where one succeeds, 'tis Odds but fifty perish; were that a Cause for Indolence and Ease?—What Room were then for all our ancient Heroes, who labouring hard through Oceans of Blood and Sweat, cut out their Passages to Sovereignty?

Our Ancestors, my Friend! flinched not at Disappointments, or judged that Victory worth the contending for, where faced by light Opposition. They, by their generous Deeds, oft gave Advantage against themselves, meerly to demonstrate their Valour, by levelling those Bars their Enemies placed ~~their~~ chief Defence in; and even played at Odds to augment their martial Prowess.

They sobbed not for a Battle lost, or general Rout; but recollecting their flying Forces, with Handfuls of Men, redeemed their Honour, changed the Face of Things,

Things, and only made their Foes pay dearer for their Victories. Then cast thyself not down, *David*; *Scotland* for me, and *Wales* for thee, still wait to clasp us in their longing Arms.

I could wish from my Heart, said *David*, that we were but once well out of the Enemy's Country; for to me, several late Transactions should indicate, that the Means which have been used of late to protract and frustrate our Designs, proceed from the Enemy, and their Emissaries.

Why? I make no doubt, as thou say'st, replied *Sawney*, but my Lord was a Traitor to us, being in the Interest of the King regnant, who probably may allow him a Pension for his Services in such Cases, so near the Frontiers.

I know not how it is, said *David*, but methinks I could heartily wish myself at Home again; for having considered Things seriously, **we are** but in a low Condition. As first, we have never a Beast to ride on, but the poor As, between us; then we have no Money to buy others, or shall we very soon have wherewithal, either to feed him, or ourselves, without a fresh Supply; again, you see by Experi-

ence of what small Use an Army is, unless it be paid.—No Pay, no Play.—We shall ever find it so, I fear, from the Example of Yesterday, which, for my Part, I am so far from esteeming a Misfortune, that I can but judge it a lucky Hit, in their disbanding where they did; for let us but suppose our Men had gathered as they went, and encreased to a formidable Army, had entered the Enemy's Country, and met with his Forces;—Would they have fought, think you, without Pay? Undoubtedly, said *Sawney*; for that by the Victory, we should have laid open the whole Country to a Contribution; when they might have been certain of paying themselves.

I am not thoroughly convinced of that, said *David*, or imagine I they would have fought for us, only to be ascertained whether ever they should be paid or not.—Money makes the old Wife trot, is a Proverb, and I suppose it means forwards; but it is as old a Saying, that he who acts without Money runs backwards; and I am not over scrupulous, but this might have proved their Practice. Now, had they run, so must we; where then had been our Honour, the richest Jewel in the Diadem

Diadem of Princes ? That being lost, we should have had an harder Card to play to recover it again, than we now shall to raise a new Army ; therefore, I say Sir, and will say, with Deference still to your wiser Judgment, that our Cash is first to be collected, before an Army ; raising of that being ever a Work of more Difficulty than this ; for chink but that, and these will follow you, like Swine to the Rattle of the Milk-pail.

Sawney had never paid a more strict Attention to *David* than at present, or indeed, had *David* often given him the like Occasion ; for he had for the most Part been very sententious, and yea or nay, according to the Significancy of its Emphasis, had stood in Place of many Words, with *David* ; wherefore, the present Display of his Talent, had made the deeper Impression on *Sawney*, or could he muster up wherewithal to contradict him ; yet unwilling *David* should run away with the Honour of the first Discovery :

David, said he, having before revolved these Things over in my own Mind, I had nearly formed them into Resolutions ; but doubling, lest thou shouldst not perfectly have accorded with me, I forbore to di-

vulge my Sentiments, till I had given them another Hearing; nor can I say, that I esteem them less than before, in that they jump so adroitly with thine.

It is well! we are agreed, and will set out upon our Return To-morrow; but let me ask thee one Question; hath not *Hannah* had a greater Share in thy Determinations, than all the Reasons thou hast before advanced for our Return?

David stood convicted, upon his Silence; which *Sawney* observing, I shall urge it no farther now, said he, but having some Queries to be resolved on that Head, shall propose them upon our Journey To-morrow.



C H A P. XX.

Debates on their Proceedings. Return Homewards. Attacked by Robbers. Sawney wounded. Arrive at Dame Clutcher's. Lose Hannah. Breach between the Lovers. Made up again.

HAVING fixed upon the Morrow for their Journey; *Sawney*, soon after Breakfast, took *David* into the Fields with him, as the most quiet Retreat, where they might consult upon their future Proceedings; for your sprightly Genii bear nothing with a worse Grace, than Inactivity, and Indolence.

They first recapitulated past Occurrences, wisely scrutinizing wherein they had severally failed, either through Omission, or Inadvertency; it being neither a mean Art to discover one's own Errors, or the least Approach to an Amendment.

David proposed not to stir a Foot towards *Scotland*, till they had secured a proper Number of Forces on their Muster-roll, ready prepared for Summons, with a small weekly or monthly Stipend in the mean Time, to whet their Appetites

to a general Rendezvous ; and that when they had enrolled two Thousand, they should begin their March ; and this he doubted not of compleating in three Months after they should reach Home.

Sawney perfectly approved the Method ; but then they should be at a Loss for Arms. This *David* would remedy, he said, by laying waste the Country upon the Borders, and enlisting still all that would enter ; when if once they grew so numerous as to plunder in Security, he doubted not of Hands enough for the Service.

Sawney would willingly have acted on the Side of Mercy with his Countrymen ; but admitted, that if the Realm must be subdued by Force, it would promote his Interest to begin with Plunder ; for which Purpose, he said, it would be proper to carry a military Chest with them, for the Reception of Plate and Jewels, which probably must amount to a vast Value ; as to the ready Cash, he despaired of recovering a Penny of that from the Soldiers, whatever they might lay their Hands on.

David was for assigning all the Posts in the Kingdom to different Persons by Name, by which Means, he said, they might

might be sure all their Nominees would to a Man rise in their Behalf, that they might arrive to Power ; and that if many of Consequence should still remain unprovided for, new Posts should be coined for them, with ample Salaries.

This Project so delighted *Sawney*, that he even hugged *David* to his Heart as a Mistress ; and still to heighten the Effect of it, proposed, by his Emissaries, to invite to his Camp some of the great Men most disaffected to the Government, by treating with whom they might not only gain Intelligence, but secure a future Interest ; and by their Means ingratiate themselves to many others, whom of themselves they should never have found out.

On Credit of this Scheme, they at length wrought themselves into such Spirits, that they resolved upon rising in the Heart of the Kingdom ; securing the Treasures of all such as declined their Interest ; confining their Enemies, and, in short, of walking straight forwards themselves to *Holyrood-House*, amidst their Friends only ; where *Sawney* would receive the Crown, reward his Friends, and at leisure dispose of all Delinquents ; when their Hearts
grew

grew so light and gladsome, that starting from their Seats, they pushed Home to their Inn, regaled upon the Notion of it for the Remainder of the Day, and set out upon their Return in the Morning.

They avoided as much as possible all such Places as they had before called at; but my Dame *Clutcher's* was by no Means to be passed by; for now *David* was so elegantly rigged, he would shew his Charmer what for a Man he was, when he should appear like himself before her.

They were now within two Miles of her House, about Noon, on the fourth Day of their March; for they moved like a *Persian* Caravan for Speed, though not so deeply laden; and as one lame Horse in a Set regulates the Movement of the other five; so either Master or Man always walking, the Afs was obliged to keep his Pace.

Just as *David's* Heart was beginning to frisk on the Prospect of his beloved Princess, within Half an Hour only of his Arms; as they were entering into a narrow Lane, *David* upon the Afs, and his Master before him, they were opposed by a Man and Woman, both very shabby, who refused to give Way to *Sawney*, and
marched

marched up to his very Teeth. Break Way, Rascal (said *Sawney*) to Persons of superior Rank; when the Fellow raising his Club, Deliver your Money, you Dog, said he, or I'll beat your Brains out.

Sawney, who had never pocketed such an Affront, clapped his Hand in Search of his Sword, to have chastised his Insolence; but that, (though till now it had not been recollected by him) was still sticking in *Slouch*, the Scabbard only dangling by his Side. The Robber, who was a Master of his Profession, without more Ceremony, by a four Knock on the Scull, sent his Majesty reeling into the Hedge, and left him to his Comrade the Woman's Management; whilst himself made up to *David*, to pay him the same Compliment.

David would have fled; but the Pass was so narrow, and the Villain so near him, that he must have given him the Advantage of his Rear, had he attempted it; so that his Courage arising from Despair, he boldly drew his Whinnyard, and placing it upright before him, like a Sword of State, the Blow designed at his Head fell upon the Hilt of his Sword, at which Instant, the Fellow's Hand sliding

ing along the Blade, he almost cut two of his Fingers off.

The Robber recoiled at the Wound, standing aghast, in Expectation of *David's* following his Blow; but he, observing the Woman, who had already picked *Sawney's* Pocket of the little he had in it, whetting her Knife, with full Determination, as she swore, to cut his Throat, for giving them so much Trouble, for so little Profit; in Order to prevent the Slaughter of his Master, by one Chop at her Head, laid her bleeding at her Companion's Feet; who finding himself disabled for further Mischief, raising her on her Legs, with her Arm under his own, made the speediest March off that he could with her, under a Discharge of the loudest of *David's* Exclamations against them, who vowed, that had it not been for the immediate Succour he owed his Master, he would have chopped them both into Fritters.

The Stage being thus happily clear again, *David* mounted his Master on the Afs; but terribly bruised and bleeding; then taking himself the Van, with the Bridle in his Hand, he marched before him to Dame *Clutcher's*.

Oh!

Oh! the Transports of two loving Souls thus unexpectedly meeting; as indeed, it was to *Hannab*, wholly so; for seeing him at a Distance; she run to the Gate to greet him. Oh! they could have clung together for Ages, like Lime-twigs, had nothing interposed to have prevented; but having the conducting of the Ass, and the Care of his wounded Master upon his Spirits, *David* but gave her a Kiss *en passant*, till he had first housed *Sawney*; whom he guided to the House, and dismounting, he conducted to an Elbow-chair in the Kitchen, bathed his Wound with warm Spirits, and took further Order for his Accomodation.

No sooner had *David* discharged this Part of his Duty, than his very Heart leaped from his Bosom, in Quest of his charming *Hannab*; he sought her, enquired for her, and sent one Sister, then the other after her, for Intelligence; but all in vain, no *Hannab* was to be found, upon the minutest Search imaginable.

David was almost distracted at the Report; he vowed he saw her, nay, saluted her at his first Coming, then what could have happened to have conveyed her away so surprisngly. Surely, no other Lover,
in

in his Absence, had gained an Interest in an Heart so pure! No, the Torment of such a Reflection was intolerable; but why should she conceal herself, from those Arms that languished but for her Embraces.

Not a Soul in the Family but in a little Time were equally concerned at his Loss, with our Lover himself; they had been round and round the House, had called and hallowed fore and aft; but not the least Reply had they received from the Maiden. At length, Dame *Clutcher* going accidentally into her Buttery, which was under *Sawney's* late Bed-chamber, and hearing an unusual Noise, she listened, when it appeared to her like a Sobbing, or Sighing, just over her Head; upon which, peeping through the Cracks of the Floor above, she espied the disconsolate *Hannah*, overwhelmed with Tears, lying upon *Sawney's* Bed.

She flew to Mr. *David* with the News, who staid not for Particulars, before he was cast upon the Bed beside her. He clasped her in his Arms, and poured forth the bitterest Wailings into her Bosom, intreating a Disclosure of her Woe; but all was to no other Purpose than to aggravate her

her Grief, and to redouble the Force of her Sorrows; for the only Words she uttered were, be gone, base Deluder! False Man, be gone! or ever more appear before me; nor even could all his Rhetoric prevail, for raising her Beak from the Bolster.

David, in the Dolour of his Soul, protested that his Torments were insufferable; and that he would put a Period to his Life by his Sword, in Case she neglected his Sufferings; but luckily for them both, he had left it below Stairs; so that he was compelled to survive till he could recover it. Being driven to Despair, he arose, as he assured her, to fetch it, that he might sacrifice himself to her Resentment, and, though unregarded by her, fall at her Feet.

One would have imagined, this passionate Speech of her Lover, should have melted the adamant Heart of the Virgin into the liquid Issues of a fond Complacence; but she, all Flint still, and tenacious of her Resentment, even suffered him to proceed towards his intended Execution, rather than by one yielding Glance, to contribute aught to the Recall of his horrid Determination, or testify the least

Com-

Compunction for the State she had reduced him to.

Quitting her then in great Fury, down Stairs he ran, and with Wildness in his Looks, snatched up the Instrument of his Destruction, and had carried it off too, had not my Dame caught him by the Arm; nay turning him about; Mr. *David*, said she, what mean you by this Speed? and with this Weapon too? I hope no murderous Intent against my dear Child, has stirred your Passions thus; for Rage darts from your very Eye-balls. I will not part with you till I am satisfied.

Mother! replied *David*, take now your last Farewel of your wretched Son; for so I have been in Hope and Intention, but now am so no more. My *Hannah's* Frowns demand an End to the worthless Being before you, which hath but hitherto subsisted under the Influence of her Smiles; now they are retracted, what have I to hope? Were it not better then, to dissolve this Union of the Flesh and Spirit by one bold Stroke, than fall by Piece-meal, lingering to the Grave? It is, and that is my final Resolution.

My

My Dame's Blood rattled in her Veins, like Icicles in a frosty Morning, being well nigh petrified into a Statue at this Report; but conceived, she said, he must be grossly mistaken; for that his Name had scarce departed from her Mouth, or his Idea from her Cogitations, during his whole Absence; then what could have excited this so sudden Alteration in her, she could not imagine; but begged him to be pacified, till herself had enquired into it; and then, if nothing would compose the Difference, she would desist from further intermeddling, and leave them to their own Courses.

David submitted, and my Dame proceeded; when, though the Damsel was at first very loth to expose her own Weakness, (as she called it) yet it being only to her Mother, to whom she need not scruple the Disclosure of her Foibles; she began, by a Declaration, that her Heart was then consuming within her, for the Contempt that wicked Fellow *David* (for she would not afford him a Title) had shewn of her; who having forced himself into her Affection, till it was rivetted past all Removal, now played upon her Fondness, and behaved to her as to his Slave.

My

My Dame, who was but too intimately apprized of the Solidity of *David's* Passion, blamed her exceedingly for her childish Surmises, insisting, that a more tender Lover never subsisted, and wondered, she said, from whence a Suspicion of his slighting her could arise. Arise! replied *Hannah*, was it not apparent at our first Meeting, by his Actions, how his Heart stood affected? What can my dear Child mean? said the fond Mother. O Mother! added *Hannah*, would you just have touched the Hand of the Girl you had loved, and have only caught a Kiss as you passed her, with barely Mrs. *Hannah*, how do you do? Would not you have caught her in your Arms, hugged her to a Jelly, and smothered her with your Caresses, e're you had parted with her? I am sure you would, were you a Man. Out upon it! I abominate a cool Lover. He may pretend what he will, it is all a Joke. There's no Love in the Case, without it. Oh! that I should ever submit to love the Man that can't return it!

My Dame was not so warm in her Constitution as her Daughter, and consequently better able to dispense suitable Advice; she told her, she was very sorry for the
Mis-

Misunderstanding between them; but as she was satisfied, their Affections for each other were no Ways abated, the best Way would be to pass by trivial Oversights, and embrace, and be Friends again. As to what she imputed to Disregard in Mr. *David*, it was wholly unavoidable; for he, in his Master's helpless Condition, leading the Ass, would she have had him turned up the Creature, to have ran away with him, whilst himself had been hugging of her? No, no, Mr. *David* did as much as Man, in his Case, could do; he kissed her as he passed, and what could a Man do more?

Come, come, added my Dame, go comfort the poor Soul, and speak kindly to him; he is ready to die there, with the Vexation you have given him already, and vows he'll stick himself, if you will not relent towards him. Come down, I say, and make it up with him.

No, Mother, that I won't, replied *Hannab*, though I die upon the Spot for it. No. If he will have me, let him come and fetch me. I shall never make it up with him before an whole Room full of People, I promise you.

My

My Dame having thus reduced the stubborn Fair to accept of a Capitulation, sent *David* up to her; where perceiving her somewhat mollified, such loving Scenes passed between them in private, and of such Duration, that it was now a harder Task to divide them, than it had been to bring them together, though Supper had long waited for them.



C H A P. XXI.

Sawney's Dream. Hannah to go Home with them. Debate about riding the Ass. Composed by David, Arrive at Sawney's. Death of his Wife. Servants envy David.

THE Lovers being seated at Supper, Matters bore an entire new Face between them; there was such ogling, and Mrs. *Hannah* your Health, and to your better Dispose, Mr. *David*, that *Martha* and *Betty* were quite wild, to think their Turns were not yet come. In short, the happy Pair had never been so blest, as since the late Difference.

Now a certain learned Author tells us,
 " That Women ever craving after some
 " Extravagance in Love, and not meet-
 " ing with it in the common Course of
 " their Courtship, frequently invent some
 " Occasion of Sorrow, that may cast
 " them into Tears in the Presence of their
 " Admirers; and if these can proceed
 " from some Irregularity of his, so much
 " the more striking. This, of Conse-
 " quence, so distresses the Lover, that he
 " forms

“ forms himself into furious Rapture, ex-
 “ presses himself in Extasy, grows wild
 “ with Concern, and vows Amendment;
 “ till being wrought up to a proper Pitch
 “ for every expressible Tenderneſs, the
 “ Damsel relents, ſinks into his Arms,
 “ admits his Conqueſt, is pleaſed, and
 “ all clears up again; from which very
 “ Moment, they become the fondeſt Tits
 “ in *Chriſtendom*.”

All this was to a Tittle verified in the
 Couple before us, who were by this Time
 each ſo confirmed in the Opinion of the
 other, that many ſucceeding Trifles were
 wholly overlooked by them.

Whiſt they were enjoying each other
 in this high Glee, poor *Sawney* was with-
 in Ame's Ace of relinquishing all Hopes
 of ever ſeeing his own Home again, and
 much leſs his temporal Kingdom.

He had taken a long Nap in his Chair,
 and now, received ſuch imaginary Da-
 mage in the Conflict attending him in it,
 as might have proved far worſe than the
 Rap on the Crown that had been dealt
 him by the Robber; for whiſt the whole
 Family were ſitting round the Table, un-
 willing, by any Noiſe they made, to
 awaken him; all of a ſudden, fetching a
 violent

violent Groan, his Head fell backwards, he stretched out his Legs, let fall his Arms, and made such a Rattling in his Throat, as infinitely terrified them all. *David*, in the Height of Despair, starting up, cried, he is dead, he is dead; Help, help, and ran to support and assist him.

The Outcry *David* made, awakened *Sawney*, who by this Time, equally surprized with his Man, cried out, Hands off, you murdering B—h, Hands off. Have you not my Money? Would you have my Blood too? *David! David!*

David, clasping him in his Arms; here, Sir, here, dear Sir, said he, what ails your Honour?—What's the Matter, Sir?—Bless me, I thought you was dead. How do you feel yourself?

What art thou? said *Sawney*. Art thou *David*? I am, dear good Sir, I am, replied *David*. *Sawney* then drawing his open Hand cross his Throat, and looking at it; Am I not wounded, *David*? said he. All bloody? Look here, pointing to his Throat.

David observing nothing like it, shook him a little, to rouse him; when *Sawney* giving a loud Yawn, where are we? said he.—Is she gone? Is who gone? asked

David. That Devil in the Habit of a Woman, said *Sawney*.— Bless me! where am I? In my Mother *Clutcher's* Kitchen, replied *David*.— Kind Heaven! said *Sawney*, and are you *David*?— Well!— I have been horribly frightened.— I could have sworn, added he, that masculine Woman, if a Woman she was, that robbed me To-day, had cut my Throat from Ear to Ear, and that the Blood flowed from the Wound like a Torrent.— Methought I wanted to speak to thee, *David*, but could not.— Didst thou, then awaken me? *David* answered, he did. I thank thee, said he, or I had certainly died else. I felt my Spirits waste, till they were almost exhausted.

My Dame and her Daughters comforted him with a little warm Ale and Brandy, and by good Nursing, having quieted the Hurry of his Spirits, he drew forwards his Chair, and fell to Supper with them, upon a hot Crag of Mutton and Broth, then standing upon the Table; but complained still of his Head, which he was sure had a Pump working in it; for that he could both hear and feel each Stroke of the Handle.

It was full three Days before *Sawney* was fit for Removal, which Time was chiefly occupied by *David* and his Lady, in Preparations for her Journey, and the Adjustment of Preliminaries, previous to the connubial Ceremony; wherein, it was concluded against Consummation, till she should arrive at *Sawney's* Dwelling. They had computed it at four Days Journey Home; but then, how they should subsist by the Way was the Dispute; for not a single Cross had Master or Man in his Pocket.

This my Dame was apprized of; but she gave herself no Concern about her Reckoning, with such Gentlemen; nay, upon the Credit of her new Son-in-Law, that was to be, she advanced them her whole Stock, to assist them on their Journey, besides a large Quantity of her own Home-baked Bread, and all the Cheese she had in the House, that they might not fail of Provision by the Way; for the ready Cash, amounting to but six Shillings and Nine-pence, had been but scanty Board Wages, for three Travellers and an Ass, for four Days.

Sawney engaged for the Repayment, and sorry he was to think how much it must

fraughten her; but she begged him to take no Thought of her; for Providence, as it had hitherto done, would provide for her, she did not doubt.

Hannah took Leave of her Mother and Sisters, in high Spirits at the Thoughts of her Journey; *Sawney*, and *David* also, saluted them all, and then quitted the House for the Yard, where *Tinker* (that being the Name my Dame had given the Ass, from the Likeness of his Hide to the Tinker's Coat *Sawney* had before left them in) stood ready prepared for the Expedition.

Here a fresh Difficulty started, which had like to have detained them for another Day; for now, who should mount *Tinker* was the Question.

David insisted upon his Master's Riding, as being an Invalid, and not so well able to walk as himself or his Deary; but *Sawney* was more of a Gentleman, he said, than to ride by the Side of a walking Lady.

Arguments ran very high on both Sides, or were many Compliments wanting, that with Propriety could have been advanced on either Side; but neither Party in the least receding from their Resolutions, or
the

the least Probability appearing when they might be agreed ; my Dame, who had listened to the Debate till she was weary of it, desired them all to walk in, and sit down till the Point was determined ; which Advice all Parties approving, *Tinker* was returned to his Lodging, and the Gentlemen and Lady took their Places in the Kitchen again.

David, had there been never an Afs in the Case, had not mattered his Master's Walking of a Straw ; but had *Hannah* rode the Afs, he might as well have left her behind him, for any Benefit he should reap from her, unless he could have rode too ; for he had tickled his Fancy ever since the Journey had been proposed to her, of taking her Arm in his, and playing all the Way with those pretty Fingers, which had first kindled his Passion for her ; which Project had been entirely disconcerted by her Riding.

Though *Sawney* longed to be at Home, he could never submit to ill Manners ; so that he again put it to *David* and his Lady whether they had as yet revised their Reasons, and would subscribe to his Measures ; but found them as determined as himself. *David*, amongst many other prior Reasons,

sons, urged one, which he hoped would prove unanswerable, and clench all the rest; which was, that though he should comply with his Master's Pleasure, yet he was certain, his Master himself must admit, that the Saddle then upon the Afs, (which they could neither alter or change) though it might be proper for a Man, must be far from commodious for a Lady to ride on, the Space between the Peak before, and the rising behind, being so narrow, and that obliquely formed too, that a Lady could not sit Side-ways upon it, without much Inconveniency; this both *Martha* and *Betty* according to, *Sawney* arose from his Seat, thanked them for their Award, and mounting *Tinker* himself, they turned their Backs upon the Widows.

How happy were these two Lovers in the mutual Enjoyment of each other, as Hand in Hand they ambled, sometimes by the Side of, and sometimes behind *Sawney*. Oh! the pretty Jokes, and sly Flirts they alternately vented, Face to Face still, even as they both marched right forwards; but then the Flashes of their Eyes at Repartees, or some peculiarly soft Sayings, were so piercing, that they pene-

penetrated even the Marrow in the Bone. How many silent Expressions used they of their unquenchable Affection; as Side by Side, their Hips, their Thighs, their Legs, jostled each other, as by Turn of Chance, till they were all a meer Compound of Love and Ardour; for *Hannab* disdained the Hoop, that Ensign of Defiance to the encroaching Courtier; no Whispering in the Ear soft Dalliance; no stealing Kisses, can betide the modern Maid, who, hedged about with Bands of splintered Cane, demands Removal of the Fence, to handle her.

How *Hannab* gloried in her hanging Petticoat, could you but know, ye Dames, that bolster out each Elbow on a Shelf five Feet Diameter! Nor Custom, or the World's Applause, would ever tempt you to a Fashion so discordant to every Attack from your Admirers.

Surely! some Priest at first devised the Hoop, by Way of Penance for your secret Crimes; who trying many Yokes to curb your Appetites, all which you turned to Pleasure, or omitted; the Hoop made fashionable, that all with Greediness might cursing wear, and wearing, curse it, ever.

The Close of the third Day brought them in Sight of *Sawney's* Gate; but he had had the Prudence, at about Half a Mile's Distance, to turn up the Afs upon a Common, to the next Comer; he had also pocketed his Green Ribbon, and the nearer he approached to Home his homely Senses returning, though his Cloaths were not to be altered, he had formed many excellent Reasons to have stopped his Lady's Mouth for the Wear of them.

He had knocked at the Door, where, upon opening it, the first Words he heard from the Maid were: O Good! Sir, my Mistress is dead. Very well! said *Sawney*, hath she left any Thing behind her? Behind her, Sir! ecchoed the Wench. Ay, behind her, said he. Had she been dead and buried before I had ever heard of her, I might expect to find somewhat here. Hath she left any Thing behind her? I say.

Sawney speaking this somewhat sternly, the Girl replied, she did not know what he meant; but Master *Robert* had buried her, and kept Possession ever since. And what's become of him? Is he dead and buried too? said *Sawney*. No, Sir, said she, he is courting a young Lady in the
East

East Riding, and is upon a Visit to her for a few Days. How went he? said *Sawney*. In the Chariot, she replied. Good again! said he; and how many Servants of you are there in the Family? Seven, she said. Right! added *Sawney*, and what did you think was become of me? She could not tell, she said; some said he was dead, some one Thing, and some another. And what said *Bob*? demanded he. Why? she replied, he could not tell what to say.

What's become of your Lady's Woman? said *Sawney*. She said, she was gone away, and had taken all her Lady's Cloaths with her, under Pretence her Lady gave her them upon her Death-bed. Mighty good! indeed, said *Sawney*. Pray who has made my Will for me, and taken mine? Have you any Thing in the House to eat? She believed so, she said; but would enquire of the Cook. Do so, said he, and set it before us.

David would have removed, and taken his Doxy with him to the Kitchen; but *Sawney* would not permit him, assuring him, that as he had merited from him beyond all other Men, so no one should enjoy his Esteem in greater Proportion, or

The Close of the third Day brought them in Sight of *Sawney's* Gate; but he had had the Prudence, at about Half a Mile's Distance, to turn up the Afs upon a Common, to the next Comer; he had also pocketed his Green Ribbon, and the nearer he approached to Home his homely Senses returning, though his Cloaths were not to be altered, he had formed many excellent Reasons to have stopped his Lady's Mouth for the Wear of them.

He had knocked at the Door, where, upon opening it, the first Words he heard from the Maid were: O Good! Sir, my Mistress is dead. Very well! said *Sawney*, hath she left any Thing behind her? Behind her, Sir! ecchoed the Wench. Ay, behind her, said he. Had she been dead and buried before I had ever heard of her, I might expect to find somewhat here. Hath she left any Thing behind her? I say.

Sawney speaking this somewhat sternly, the Girl replied, she did not know what he meant; but Master *Robert* had buried her, and kept Possession ever since. And what's become of him? Is he dead and buried too? said *Sawney*. No, Sir, said she, he is courting a young Lady in the East

East Riding, and is upon a Visit to her for a few Days. How went he? said *Sawney*. In the Chariot, she replied. Good again! said he; and how many Servants of you are there in the Family? Seven, she said. Right! added *Sawney*, and what did you think was become of me? She could not tell, she said; some said he was dead, some one Thing, and some another. And what said *Bob*? demanded he. Why? she replied, he could not tell what to say.

What's become of your Lady's Woman? said *Sawney*. She said, she was gone away, and had taken all her Lady's Cloaths with her, under Pretence her Lady gave her them upon her Death-bed. Mighty good! indeed, said *Sawney*. Pray who has made my Will for me, and taken mine? Have you any Thing in the House to eat? She believed so, she said; but would enquire of the Cook. Do so, said he, and set it before us.

David would have removed, and taken his Doxy with him to the Kitchen; but *Sawney* would not permit him, assuring him, that as he had merited from him beyond all other Men, so no one should enjoy his Esteem in greater Proportion, or

be ever nearer his Person ; it being his firm Resolution, to provide for him and his Lady, equally with himself.

The Maid had reported in the Kitchen, the Return of her Master and *David*; but so fine both of them, that she had never seen the like before ; nay, and that her Master had brought Home a new Mistress, she believed ; but such a Thing as she, would be vastly fortunate indeed, was that the Case ; a poor, clumsy, coarse clad Wench ; but some People should have Luck, whilst others might starve if they would.

Every Eye was agog, for a Sight of their Master and *David* ; but especially of their supposed Mistress ; dropping in, one by one, either to welcome him Home, or on some other pretended Occasion ; but which Way ever their Bodies moved, their Eyes still pointed at *Hannah*, who, Supper being introduced, was seated by *Sawney*, at the Head of the Table ; but Envy ran very high against *David* ; for what had he done, to be advanced from the Kitchen to the Parlour ? There were others as deserving as he ; and had their poor Lady been living, Matters must have been carried otherwise.

Thus

Thus each discanted in their several Ways, till Supper being ended, they retired to their Chambers ; *Sawney* having allotted the very best Room in the House for *Mrs. Hannah*.



CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

Sawney settles his Affairs. Gives Hannah his Wife's Cloaths. Method of dressing herself. Servants envy Hannah. David marries her. Visit Dame Clutcher.

THE first Matter of Consequence Sawney set about after his Return was, to enquire into his Affairs; he sent to his Tenants to know what Rent they owed; for as to his own Accounts, he could find nothing of them, all his Papers and Books having been removed; or could he find the Keys of scarce any Place, where he might have searched for them.

Having received what he could from his Tenants, he therewith cleared off all his Servants, save one Man and Maid. He sent all his Horses to Market for Sale, as he did those his Son had with him, upon his Return. He sold off the Coach with its Equipage, and in a few Weeks, had made Money of every unnecessary Utensil about him.

Then calling in all his Creditors, whose Demands amounted to a great Sum, and finding upon the Return of his Son, that
there

there was no ready Money in the House, he sold sufficient of his Estate for the Discharge of all his Incumbrances, with a Reserve of about four or five hundred Pounds to himself; and then, being once more a clear Man in the World, he had about two hundred and sixty Pounds a Year, or better, for his Subsistence; with which he retired to a little Farm he had, of about forty Pounds a Year, with a very good old House upon it.

I thought it better in this Place to run through *Sawney's* Transactions for some Months, till I had fixed him again, rather than to have touched slightly upon each, as they happened, intermixing them in the Course of my Narrative; but having so done, it becomes me to return, and pursue the Thread of our History.

Madam's Gentlewoman had not been so nice in her Examination into her pretended Legacy, as not to have left many valuable Suits of her Lady's behind her; for she being at *London*, as I said before, at *Sawney's* Departure from Home, and dying of the Illness she returned with upon her, she had had no Opportunity either of wearing or examining into many Things, not only of her own, but of his late Wife *Clara's*,
deposited

deposited in a Chamber, of which *Sawney* had accidentally taken the Key with him. This he discovered the Morning after his Return, when upon the Hunt for Apparel for Mrs. *Hannab*; so that taking her and *David* into that Room with him, he gave *Hannab* the Picking of what would best please her, for the Wear of the Day; for now they were at Home again, both Master and Man were ashamed of her, in her russet Homespun.

Hannab, to whom, had *Sawney* presented any one Suit, good or bad, it would have proved a most grateful Donation, was so confounded amidst all this Choice, (*Sawney* having declared they were all her own, to be disposed at her Pleasure) that incapable of signifying, on a sudden, which most delighted her, she feigned an Excuse to get rid of them both (by professing the Shame it would occasion her, to try either of them in their Presence) that she might with more Freedom indulge over her new Acquisition alone.

They receded at the Hint, leaving her to her own Devices; when fastening the Door upon them, and darkening the Key-hole, she almost tore off her old Trappings, for Haste to be invested in her gawdy Trimmings;

Trimmings; and had stripped to her Smock, before she had half determined which to begin with. Then opening the Drawers, one by one, and viewing by Degrees, their Furniture; this was the finest Thing she ever beheld, and that the gayest; but a third, she thought, best became her Complexion; or could a fourth, or a fifth, in her Opinion, yield Place to the best of them.

In short, she trotted about thus from Drawer to Drawer, for best Part of two Hours, as wholly undetermined as on the first Moment of her Arrival; till her very Teeth chattered in her Head for Cold; when unable much longer to endure her Situation, she snatched up a white Sattin Night-gown, and Petticoat, and whipping into them, drew up before a large Pier-glass between the Windows; but though she set it, and pulled it, and had turned round and round fifty Times in it, still that fell far short of her Inclination; for without Stays, there was no such Thing as reducing it to a shapable Covering.

This proved an heart-breaking Stroke to the dejected Maiden; she searched, and hunted, high and low, but not a Pair of Stays was to be found amongst all the Apparel;

Apparel; for as to every other Part of the Woman's Gear, there were Duplicates, and Triplicates of them. At last, almost in Despair, having dropped several Tears on the Occasion, as she was going to deposit her old Gown and Petticoat in a little Cupboard she had by Chance spied near the Chimney, which having a Lock and Key to it, she thought she might best secure them in from the Notice of the Servants in the Family; upon opening it, she there beheld, to her unspeakable Comfort, two good Pair of Stays, but little the worse for wearing.

She seized them, with the Rapaciousness that an hungry Hawk would a Leveret, and away she bore them to the Glass; but was at an infinite Difficulty how properly to get them on. She remembered to have once had somewhat like them, and that she used to lace them before; but upon applying these in the same Manner, she could make nothing in the World of them; however, she tightened them on as well as she could; but was never more at a Loss, than to conceive what Sort of a Shape Madam must have had, if those Things fitted her; for they rose up to her Chin, or could she lower her Arms to her Sides, or
any

any Ways bring them before her, but with her Elbows a-strut as high as her Shoulders.

She put on the Gown again, turning to the Glass, to see how it sat, when such a Hunch appeared on her Back, as almost distracted her. Oh! why was I born in such low Life, said she, as wholly to render me incapable of embracing the Gifts of Fortune, now they offer themselves to me! She had ever till that Moment, she said, imagined herself to have been formed like other Women; but was now too sensible, there was as much Difference between her and a fine Lady, as between a Greyhound and a Mastiff. She taking it all the while for her own awkward Shape, that had disappointed her.

She would however try the other Pair, she was resolved; but the little Prospect of Success she could promise herself from them, so bewildered her Brain, that she had unwittingly clapped these the right Side foremost, and was proceeding to have rectified her Mistake; when casting an Eye towards the Glass again, she stopped short, and would take the other Peep, how they became her that Way.

The Virgin smiled, and blushed, and looked, and smiled again; till perceiving herself

herself so shapable, she could not but conclude she must be right at last ; when with much Difficulty, and long puzzling, she secured them ; but Madam being rather of a taperer Make than *Hannab*, she could but with sore Squeezing, incase herself close in them ; for that, she thought she must do at all Events.

Hannab now admired herself ten Times more than ever she had in her Life before. She looked as taper, she thought, as the best She amongst them ; and what a Chest she had ! Bless me ! said she to herself, that I should never have seen my Bubbies heave before ! Nay, she could scarce keep her Hands off them, she was so smitten with them.

Well ! the Gown was on again in a Trice, and pinned as neat as my Nail, and who but *Hannab Clutcher* ; but what should she do ? her dirty coarse Shift-sleeves at her Elbows, and a Sample of the same at her Neck, was insufferable, under such charming Cloaths as she had on ; so that unable to support the Shock any longer, she resolved, now she was tolerably perfect in Dressing, to pull all off again, and begin with a clean Smock.

Never

Never had any Lover of Finery encountered more Difficulties than poor *Hannah*, to fit herself out *a la Mode*; but now all former Miscarriages being rectified, she did not know, she had altogether ever beheld a more jemmy Lass than herself; or doubted she in the least, though it had not before been compleated, of making an absolute Conquest of *David*.

There wanted nothing now but a Cap and Handkerchief, and of these there were such Choice, that all would soon be over, she thought; so that having pitched upon one to her Taste, down she sat to her Glass; she shook off her own with a Toss of her Head, and went to proffer up the new one; but might *Hannah* have had the House and Furniture, as well as the Wardrobe, she could never have gotten it thither, so pinioned down as she was.

Come, come, it was but the Loss of a little more Time, and all would be well again; she unpinned the Gown, settled the Cap, tighted the Ribbon, and returning the Pins of the Gown to their Stations, up she started, lest she should make them stay Dinner for her, having spent full five Hours in the above Exercise.

She

She was now returning the spare Things to the Drawers, with all imaginable Agility; for *Hannab* was not one of those Ladies, who after dressing leave the whole Litter of the Room behind them; she would have her Eye at herself, as oft as she passed the Glass, and had very near finished, when her old Shoes catching her Eye as in her March, as they peeped under her Petticoats, she was ready to faint away; for what would all her other Gallantry signify, if these, alternately appeared, at every Step she took.

She had observed more than one Pair of these, as well as Stockings in her Rumage, though she had not once thought of wearing them; but now, she returned to the Repository, and selected a Pair of Scarlet Damask, with a broad Gold-lace upon them. Oh! how the Vanity of her Heart sat chirping at her Eyeballs! She hugged, she kissed them thrice, and squatting upon the Bed's Feet, forced off both her own Shoes, with the Toe of each other; but raising her Foot too nimbly to her adverse Knee, slap she came upon the Bed, on her Back, with her Heels above her Head.

The Maiden, though in private, blushed at the Adventure; but soon recovering for a second Effort, was stopped by the Peak of her Stays, from any nearer Communication with her Feet than by Sight only; or could she have stooped to have pulled them up at Heel, had her Husband's Principality depended on it; however, turning the Heels inwards, she thrust in her Feet, and descended into the Parlour, having first practised a few Courtesies of different Sorts, before the Looking-glass.

Dinner was just coming upon the Table, as *Hannah* entered the Room; but every Eye was upon her in a Moment, and the two Gentlemen made bold to salute her; after which, *Sawney* taking her by the Hand, led her to the Top of the Table.

Dinner being begun, poor *Hannah*, who had usually heaped her third Trencher, could not now swallow a Mouthful; and though it could not be said she had no Stomach, she had nevertheless so contracted it by exterior Girding, as to have driven that, with other of her Intestines, up to her Throat, where they were so jammed together,

together, as to have left no Room for Additions.

The Men-Servants were so taken with her Person, that they made Errands into the Kitchen, meerly to apprise the Maids how charmingly handsome the new Woman looked, in one of their Lady's old Gowns; but the Girls, who think every Syllable in Praise of another, weighs just so much in Disparagement of themselves, with a Sneer, replied, that fine Feathers made fine Birds, in such dull Fellow's Eyes as theirs, whose Judgments were guided by Sight only; or did they suppose, in Troth, but had their Master given either of them the same, they should have been thought to have made as good Figures.

After Dinner, *Sawney* proposing a Walk in the Garden, *Hannah* was forced to be obliged to one of the Maids, for tying her Shoes for her; but the Wench did it with so ill a Grace, that *Hannah* never after forgot to begin at her Feet, and dress upwards.

Before Night, what with Want of Food, and what with enormous Squeezing, *Hannah* was sick to Death; nor able to endure it any longer, she slunk away from her Company,

Company, to abate somewhat of her Bodily Shape, for the Benefit of her personal Tranquility, when having gained the Space of Half a Foot more Play for her Vitals, she recovered, and eat an hearty Supper with them.

Few Days had passed, before *David* and she were married, both living with, and in every Respect, faring as *Sawney* himself did; when having so much spare Time upon their Hands, whilst *Sawney* was occupied in his domestic Affairs, and the Sale of his Estate, they projected a Ride to Dame *Clutcher's*.

David was dressed in a plain Cloth Suit, *Sawney* had presented him with for the Wedding; but *Hannah's* Wardrobe producing a Camblet Riding-habit, richly laced with Silver, and a black Velvet Jockey Cap, *Hannah* had dressed in them for the Journey.

Had but my Reader been present at their alighting in their Mother's Yard, to have beheld the louring Looks of her Sisters, gaping and staring at *Hannah*, whilst her Mother stood ravished with Delight, at seeing her Daughter so elegant, he never more could forget it; whilst the Bride, with her Hands before her, her Head erect,

erect, and a tripping Gait, stepped into the House to salute them all.

They staid near a Week with my Dame, paid her what was owing on the Score, and presented her with three Guineas from *Sawney*, two of which were for *Martha* and *Betty*, invited their Mother over to them, and having taken their Leaves, they returned to that most comfortable Asylum *Sawney* had prepared for them to retreat to.



C H A P. XXIII.

Hannah bears a Son. Impatient for their Principality. Sawney's old Schemes recur. Lets Robert into them. Robert projects a Commission of Lunacy. David discovers it. Turn the Tables upon Robert.

SAWNEY and his Man *David*, with *Hannah*, as Mistress of the Family, had lived together almost two Years, in a plentiful Frugality ; but the Repetition of old Stories, and the glorious Deeds of their Ancestors, would intrude upon many an Hour of their spare Time, even till they had infused into *Hannah* as clear a Notion of their Right and Title to Sovereignty as themselves were possessed of ; and as when once the Current is diverted, it flows with equal Rapidity in the new Cut as the old ; so *Hannah*, who before, from a poor Wench, greedily aspired after Gentility, now, with no less Appetite, aimed at a Principality.

She had borne *David* a Son, whom he also named *David*, his Mother, in his Puerility, calling him *Taffy* ; and lest the Fruit of her Body should fail of his Inhe-

ritance, by not proving so active a Genius as his Father; from the very Birth of *Taffy*, on all proper Occasions, she was ever sounding to Arms in the Ears of her Husband, for the Recovery of his Patrimony.

David, at the Importunity of his Wife, was ever pressing *Sawney* to proceed; and *Sawney*, who wanted but little Spurring, having with *David* revived familiar Notions of the Expedition, applied to his Son *Robert*, to engage him in the Undertaking.

Robert was a solid thinking Youth, who having had once a Prospect of his Father's Estate, when he thought him dead, had but with a bad Grace relinquished it again; but since *Sawney* had put this Proposal to him, imagining his Father would squander away the whole Estate upon such Projects, if permitted to go on; *Robert*, I say, in Order to make his own Use of his Father's Frailty, gave into his Measures, under the most seeming Approbation; but in the mean Time, was working underhand, for procuring a Commission of Lunacy against him, that himself might be let into the Estate.

Sawney

Sawney imagining no less, than that his Son joined Hand and Heart with him, daily laid himself more open to him, and at length, proposed raising of Men after *David's* Method; all which, *Robert* still seeming to come into, he was dispatched upon the Recruit, and from Time to Time, pretended to have rendered a true Account of his Proceedings.

In Order to furnish himself fully with unquestionable Testimony of his Father's Insanity, *Robert* represented to him, that all his Efforts for raising Men would prove of but little Service to the Cause, unless they were to be led by Officers of Skill and Experience, and proposed his hinting his Inclination to some neighbouring Gentlemen, who had formerly been in the Army, and who, if they accepted not of Commissions themselves, would be most capable of recommending to him such as would; whereupon, his Father gave him Authority, in his Name, to treat with them, and likewise with their Nominées; with Assurance, that each, according to his Ability and Standing, should take Preferment in his Forces at present, and claim Rule in the State, upon his peaceable Establishment in his Kingdom.

Robert rejoicing at this, took Advice for his Behaviour as to his Commission of Lunacy. He had named Commissioners, and Affidavits had been sworn by some loose Fellows in Town, with whom *Sawney* and *David* had been tampering, and a special Messenger was dispatched for the Commission; but not a Word had transpired publickly as yet, till Matters were ripe for Execution.

Mr. Robert had waited upon several Gentlemen, whom he had either nominated for Commissioners, or intended for his Witnesses, to whom he had stated the Condition his Father was in, and that his Senses were so impaired, that he fancied himself King of *Scotland*; and that intending to raise Men for recovering his Right, he had sent him to engage them in his Army.

That fearing he should destroy the Family Estate, he had been advised to procure a Commission of Lunacy to sit upon him, not only for the Benefit of his Family, but to prevent the Imputation which he dreaded he should fall under of a Traitor; and begged them severally to meet at his Father's upon an appointed Day, that they might satisfy themselves
of

of his Father's Incapacity for the Management of his own Affairs.

This *Robert* laid before them so compassionately, in Regard to his Father's Circumstances, that most of those he had applied to, for the Sake of Justice and Humanity, engaged to appear at the Meeting; when *Robert* assured them, they would find Cause enough from his Discourse with them for believing him *non compos.*

Sawney and *David* had hugged themselves upon the Success this Meeting promised to their Affairs; but the very Day before it was to happen, as *Sawney* and *David*, with their Heads brimful of it, were walking and talking of it, at some Distance from Home, *Sawney* having stepped into one of his Tenant's Houses, whilst *David* was musing before the Gate, a Country Fellow, well known by *David* to be a single Man, and no great Lover of Labour, coming by, *David* could not but judge him a proper Person for enlisting in the Service; and being alone, made up to him. After several previous Questions, by Way of Introduction, *David* put it to him, how he should like the Army for a few Months only, where he should be well

paid, and have very noble future Prospects, at the Expiration of his Service.

What? said the Fellow, are you as mad as your Master too? *David* little expecting that Rebuff, replied, he hoped neither of them were so; but dropping the enlisting Affair, he asked how he came to conceive his Master to be mad? Why? you have heard of the Mission of Lunary my Master *Robert* has got against him, han't you? said he. Not a Word, I profess, replied *David*. You don't say so! Ay, but I do, replied the Man; for I am sure I went Post to *London* for it, and brought it to. Why? Man! they have sworn, he says he is King of *Scotland*, and so Master *Robert* is to have the Estate, and his Father is to be kept by a Keeper, they tell me.

Nay, said *David*, to tell you the Truth, I have suspected he has talked for some Time a little, as a Body may say;— You know my Meaning.— As if he was,— Ay, ay, said the Fellow, and then setting up for King of *Scotland*, if there was nothing more in it, the Gentleman at *London* says, will do the Business of itself,

David

David, having heard enough to alarm him, pretending Haste, left him; then calling out his Master, he took him forwards, to communicate his Information to him.

I know not how it is, but those who are ever so wrong-headed on particular Subjects, are frequently as considerate and sharp in other Respects, as any Men whatever. I am apt to believe, they are like Men in a Dream, who talk to themselves as rationally, as if they were awake, upon the Subject of their own Disturbance; when nothing upon Earth, but their meer Fancy, creates the Objects of their Extravagancies; all which, even a Jog of the Elbow, will dissipate into Air, upon their awaking, when they return to their sound Senses again.

Sawney's Apprehensions thickened very fast upon him, at his Report, and the Person concerned having himself declared it, how could any Mistake have happened? He considered, with himself that tho' his Claim upon *Scotland* was ever so well founded, (for he could not think of relinquishing a Tittle of that) yet, there were People in the World, who might judge him a Fool for prosecuting it; and told

David,

David, that if his rebel Son had Thoughts of proceeding that Way against him, his engaging the Gentlemen to his House the next Day could be only to entrap him; and asked *David* what he had best do to avoid it?

He frankly gave his own Opinion for Flight, for some Time, into some distant Country, till the Affair was overblown; but *David* dissuaded it, as an Indication of his Guilt, and rather advised him to turn the Tables upon his Son; for Sir, said he, the first Blow is generally half the Battle. Let me counsel you to lie quiet, without hinting at your Suspicion to any one.—Give Information first to a Magistrate, and get his Warrant against your Son; let the Constable privately be within Call, and when the Company are all come, then entering before them with Master *Robert*, call in the Constable, and seize him, for applying to them to meet in your Name, and arm themselves.

Now, as none of them can deny this, instead of thinking amiss of you, all the Blame will fall upon my young Master, and even let him stand to the Damage of it.

This Project met with such ready Entertainment from *Sawney*, that they set about

about it the same Afternoon; and all was prepared for its Execution, on the Arrival of the Visitors.

David's Advice being so pleasing to his Master, he added another Article, which was, upon the Arrival of some of the first of them, to let them a little into the Secret of the Intentions against his Son; which happened to be prudent enough; for by that Means, he had taken off the Surprize which otherwise must have been too general, when the Scene had opened against Master *Robert*.

All Things being thus prepared, *Sawney* entering the Room, welcomed all the Company to his House, and otherwise behaved so politely, and paid them so many Compliments, that such of them as had not been previously informed of his Intentions against his Son, were amazed he should be suspected for a Lunatick. Then ordering in his Son *Robert*, (who expected no less, than that his Father had done his own Business by this Time) he sent also for the Constable, and charged his Son with Treason, for engaging his Countrymen, and tampering with them to engage in a foreign Service; commanding the Officer, at his Peril, to secure his Prisoner.

Turn-

Turning then to the Company, who most of them seemed surpris'd at the Transaction. You may wonder, my worthy Friends, said he, at beholding a Father thus severe with his own Offspring. I must acknowledge him a Part of my own Bowels; but my Country! that, is to me far dearer than my Life, much more than any of my Members.

This young Fellow, whom, though it shames me much, I must still call Son, hath, and in my Name too, I have heard, been plotting, to spirit you, my good Friends, to Arms. Far, very far be it from me, to presume I had Interest enough in this or any other County in *England*, to collect so august an Assemblage after me; but my fond Boy, I say, hath had that Vanity; and surely, your so readily answering his Call, could be with no other View, than that in your Presence he might be chastised for it; but I shall deliver him over to the Civil Power, to stand or fall by the Laws of my Country.

A general Murmur of Applause ran through the present Members, when they severally declared, that so notorious a Piece of Villainy as Mr *Robert* had been guilty

guilty of, and against his own Father too, ought not to pass unpunished.

Several of them owned, they were highly disappointed in the Motive that had collected them together, which, as his Son had informed them, were the very same; but, on his Part, for which he had now condemned his Son; and that so far from a Lunatick as they were required to believe him, they should, on all Occasions, interest themselves in acquitting him from the least Imputation of it. Then *Sawney* having treated them with Plenty of Wine, they departed. And thus, through *David's* seasonable Advice, ended all Thoughts of the Commission of Lunacy.

Mr. Robert was committed to the County-Jail, on the Evidence of many of the Gentlemen whom he had brought to his Father's, who likewise appearing to his Conviction at the Assizes, he was fined, and imprisoned for three Years; where we shall leave him, and returning to our History, give an Account of our Adventurers Attack upon *David's* Dominions; but not having Room for it here, we must reserve it for the Subject of another Volume.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.